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FALSE.

BY ALBERT H. HARDY.

A rain-drop fell from the leaden sky,
And a gray bird sang, when the day was nigh,
The crystal drop was lost in the rain—
By an arrow's thrust the bird was slain.

A tear-drop fell from a heart's o'erflow,
And a maiden's song was sad and low;
For the one she deemed so true and strong,
Proved false to singer, and to song.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

INSTANTLY THEY knew he was one of the guests from the great masquerade ball being held that night, for he wore the dress of an Italian nobleman of bygone days, all white and rose satin, with clinking sword and plumed hat, and buckles glittering with jewels.

He flung coat and hat to the ground, rushed to the ladder, began to swing himself up—up! Just above him the flame tore out goldenly. Still on—up.

The multitude watched him breathless. He seemed to possess the strength and skill of an acrobat, the lithe sinuousness of a tiger.

Still bravely on! A cheer uprose as he reached the window where the two women stood. There seemed to be some dispute. Finally he lifted out the smaller figure, began his decent. Down at last—burned, begrimed.

Kindly hands grasped his burden. They strove to hold him—to reason with him. He shook them off, as a dog who shakes his ears when he leaps from the water to the land.

Again he sprang for the ladder, again he clambered upwards, again he reached the casement. The girl he had come to save was lying against the window-pane, quite still.

He called. She did not move.

He jumped into the room. A beam had fallen on her arm, pinioning her to the floor.

Below, the understanding that something was wrong above spread, gained ground.

"Come down," they yelled, "or you will both perish!"

For ever fiercer, brighter grew the monstrous yellow tongues which lapped the old convent in their frantic embrace.

He worked—good heavens, how he worked!

He tore at the beam—he dragged it—he put forth all his leonine young strength to move it.

His skin was cracking, his lips parched, his eyes staring from their sockets; but still in the awful sound of falling timbers, in the fearful heat, the smoke, the glare, he struggled on.

One last tremendous effort, which strained every muscle, every nerve, and sent his blood throbbing to his temples—one gigantic, magnificent effort—and the heavy beam was lifted and flung aside!

To stoop over the insensible figure, lift in his arms, step through the sash out on the ledge, was but the work of a moment. Would he reach the ground in safety?

The ladders were charred, burning.

Down—slowly down. And the vast concourse held its breath, as bearing his unconscious burden, himself totting, half-blinded, slowly, painfully he came.

They noticed that he hid the girl's face on his breast as he staggered where the flame was thickest.

Below the second story! Sure they were safe now.

From a thousand throats uprang a delirious cry of joy. There were wild shouts, waving handkerchiefs, then silence. For with an ominous, creaking sound the ladder had snapped—fallen.

* * * * * *

When the Earl of Silverdale arrived in Belgium, in answer to the telegram sent him, he found his daughter lying very quiet, and white and beautiful. Her arm had been broken in the fall—otherwise she was unhurt.

"Why, you are a woman, dear!" he cried, in amazement.

It was over a year since he had seen her. She smiled faintly.

"How did you leave my—my mother?" she asked.

He brightened at the word.

"Not very strong, but rejoicing in the hope of having you home soon."

And then he went on to tell about her—her beauty, her goodness, her gay, gentle, loving ways. He was so very much in earnest he touched his daughter deeply.

"I suppose I must fall down and worship her, too, if she is as lovely as all that."

He laughed lightly, tenderly, and bent and kissed her.

"And now I must find this young hero who saved your life, dear. Who is he? Where is he?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Don't ask me. Ah, here is Sister Therese—ask her!"

And he did.

The brave young man who had saved Sister Augustine's life and Iva's. He was in the hospital. Rather badly burned, yes. And with a dislocated shoulder and broken wrist. Would monsieur go to him?—well.

When, the next morning, the Earl of Silverdale called on his daughter, his fair, handsome face was full of excitement.

"I know him, Iva—just think, I know him well!"

The golden head turned towards him.

'Know whom, papa?"

"Your rescuer, dear—the brave boy who saved you. His estates in Sussex join ours. He is very wealthy, very noble, and the handsomest lad you could see in a day's ride!"

"His name?"

"Lionel Curzon."

She turned wearily away. After all, what interest did it hold for her?

But many months were not to pass before, looking back, she would recollect where she had first heard the name. The hospital ward with its rows of snowy cots, the dark-robbed sisters, the subdued light, the silence, and her own ennui and indifference.

But just then there came to her no inkling, no premonition, that the name she now so coldly heard would one day thrill her, and set her heart beating madly; no presentiment that it would come to be the dearest in all the great wide world to her; no faintest idea nor shadow of forewarning that she would come to dread the owner of the name—to fear, pity, scorn, condemn him, the while—oh, the strangeness of it all!—the while she loved him dearly.

* * * * * *

"Do sit down, Marguerite!"

"I can't, Aunt Clara. I am restless tonight. I feel as though something was going to happen."

She was walking nervously backward and forward.

She started a doubled knock came to the front door or the Honor.

"A telegram!" queried her father, looking up from his paper.

She took the yellow envelope from the servant.

"Yes."

"Dear me, I suppose it is a disappointment about those oysters ordered from town!" cogitated Aunt Clara.

The purple September gloaming had closed in, and in the library of the Castle the lamps were lighted.

'It is for me, from Lilian. It says:—

"'The convent in Belgium has been burned down. Iva injured. Her father has gone to her. Come to me at once, if possible. LILIAN.'"

Sir Stuart rose.

"Can you be ready for the six A. M. train?"

"Of course! I shall go then."

Aunt Clara placidly resumed her knitting.

"I am glad," she said, "Dobbyns has not failed to express the oysters."

"Where is the despatch sent from?" Sir Stuart asked.

"The Langham, London."

"Ah, they've got back from Park, then—probably on their way home!"

And so it proved when the sisters met.

"You are not looking well, Lilian!" Marguerite cried, at sight of her.

In truth, the rounded cheek was thinner than it used to be.

"I have not been very strong. You remember how I used to faint away at school? Well, I had Doctor Black examine my heart lately. It was, as I feared, rather seriously affected."

"Oh, Lilian!"

She was really shocked.

"Yes, dear." She tried to smile. "That is why I wanted you with me."

"How is Iva hurt?"

"Her arm is broken. She would have been much more seriously injured, I believe, were it not for the heroism of some unknown gallant who, when she was pinioned by a beam in the burning building, rescued and bore her out at tremendous personal peril. Harold will, of course, write me all particulars."

An hour later, when they sat by the fire in their luxurious chamber—both in *negligee* and swan's down slippers—Marguerite said, suddenly,—

"Are you happy Lilian?"

The Countess of Silverdale laughed softly as she unbraided her dusky tresses.

"Perfectly happy, dear. So happy I have a constant fear it cannot last."

"Lilian!"

"Oh, we must not get dreamy! It is only a foolish presentiment, I suppose—no, not presentiment, a fancy, which will vanish with my dear love's coming."

"Her dear love! Was she not indeed happy to have the right to call him so? Marguerite thought blessedly happy?

"When are you going home?"

Home was a princely mansion lying in the green heart of a Sussex woodland.

"As soon as Harold returns. You must come with us, dear."

They sat and talked.

"Till the fire was out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet were cold."

The following morning the Countess did not feel strong enough to attend church, for it was Sunday, so Marguerite went alone.

Such a fresh, crisp, delightful day as it was! She would walk back. So at the edifice she dismissed the carriage, and after the service started to return to the hotel on foot.

She had gone but a few streets when something, she could never have told what, forced her to look round. As she did so she paled—shivered.

It was as some mysterious power had impressed her—she was being followed. And the tall, slender figure in the loud-checked ulster and round felt hat—bah! how disgustingly familiar it looked. She fairly sickened with recognition.

She hastened on. Once in the hotel, she flung into her sister's room, shut the door.

And then she remembered what Lilian had told her. She must not alarm her.

She faced the Countess, laughing forcibly.

"Just think, I walked home. And so fast," pressing her hands to her hot cheeks. "I am all out of breath."

When dinner had been removed, she proposed what she had all day been choking to suggest:

"Lilian, let us go down to Sussex—privately, I mean—before the Earl returns. You say they are going to give you a magnificent reception. Harold won't care about that now, bringing home Iva ill. Don't you think he would feel happier to find you quietly installed there before him—ready to welcome him and his daughter?"

The sweet, pale face opposite lit up like a child's.

"A happy thought of yours, Marguerite, and a kindly one, dear. I was dreading the pomp, the ostentation of a public reception. We will go as soon as possible."

She rang the bell.

"And as quietly?"

"Of course."

To her maid she gave all directions. Secrecy was to be observed. They would leave on Monday next.

They did so. Half-way to their destination an accident occurred. Of comparatively slight importance, it yet necessitated their remaining at the hotel of a small village till the following day, when an engine would be sent down.

Neither noticed the tall young man in the plaid ulster who left the disabled train as did they, and walked up the street behind the crawling cab.

They retired, exhausted. When they awoke it was to learn that through some error they had not been called, the engine had come and gone, and they were stranded in this desolate little hamlet for another twelve hours.

The day dragged by. Towards evening Marguerite threw herself down on a lounge in their private parlor. In a few moments she was asleep.

By the window sat the countess. The evening was chilly. She had flung a lace scarf over her head. Time was not long to her just now; she was writing to Harold.

The sun had gone down. Its yellowish afterglow was still lying over the quiet landscape. A step came along the balcony just without. A shadow fell across her paper.

She looked up. A face was glaring down upon her—a cruel, handsome face, with wrathful, black eyes, a huge, black moustache, and thin, vindictive lips drawn back till the flashing teeth were displayed.

She started up—to cry out. But she could not to save her life utter the faintest sound.

He jerked a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and shook it menacingly.

"Hush!"

She needed no threat. She was literally paralyzed with fear.

He did not mean to use the weapon, coward though he was. But how could she know that? It was simply a bit of his every day bravado; ruffianism in a critical moment asserting itself.

"I followed you, you see. Give me more. She's rich. I'll bet she has given you plenty. It's a pity you did't catch his lordship. Perhaps he'd have been good enough for you, seeing as how you scorn an honest feller like me!"

The words were fairly hissed—were not

above a whisper.

They did not waken the unobserved, recumbent figure.

How heavy she was growing in his rude grasp. Fainting, perhaps.

He roughly released his hold. She fell back in her chair.

"Great Lord! she isn't——"

He dared not think his dread. Her head lay motionless against the chair back. Her face was drawn—white as ashes. Her eyes half open—glaring, sightless. Her lips ghastly—parted.

He laid his ear to her mouth, his hand on her heart.

There was no breath in one, no beat in the other.

He sprang back. His lips formed one fearful gasping word. He looked around wildly. Then he sprang through the window, leaped the verandа, dashed into the shrubbery—fled.

Ten minutes passed—twenty. Some one began to play a jingling piano in the room below. The sound awoke Marguerite.

She sat up.

"Lilian!"

It was quite dark. She rubbed her eyes, rose, groped her way to the mantel, found matches, lit the candles in the brass candlesticks, and turned to her sister.

"Asleep, dear?"

She went toward her, drew down the blind, pulled the curtains to, then bent and shook her.

"It is time for supper, Lilian. You will take cold so near——"

A queer choking, cry. She staggered—recovered herself.

Pshaw! Lilian had fainted! But, no! She tore her dress open, and laid her ear over the white breast. Still! almost chilly already—no!

"Oh, Heaven!" she murmured, "she is dead!"

Dazed, powerless, quivering, Marguerite stood and looked at her in the dull, streaky light.

A scarf of black Spanish lace was wound over the pretty head, which lay so terribly quiet against the back of the rusty chair. Like marble was the face—as white, as cold.

Marguerite grew dizzy. Her eyes drooped.

Ah, what was that—there on the floor—on a fold of her sister's gown?

She stooped, caught it up.

A revolver—a cheap, common, villainous-looking thing.

She rushed to the light, held it up, examined it. Crudely scratched on the plate were two initials—"R. G."

Great haven—his! How had he come here?

She was used to firearms—a cousin had taught her. It was loaded—yes; but no chamber had been emptied. To what might it not lead? She must secret it, for the present at least. Soon would a gaping crowd gather.

She lifted the lid of her little travelling-trunk, dropped it in, and snapped the spring lock.

Ah, now she knew, now she understood it all! He had followed her, sought an interview, to-night had seen Lilian at the window, mistaken her, approached, threatened her, terrified her. And the threat and the terror, in her delicate state of health, had killed her. What would she do? What could she do?

The Countess of Silverdale, with everything to live for—love, husband, position—she was dead!

And Marguerite hunted, disgraced, miserable, had yet to live and face it all—the wretchedness, the shame——

She almost envied the dead woman there. Would she look like that some day!

What thought was it which made her stagger to the floor and lie there shaking, panting? What made her leap up and snatch the half-written sheet which lay on the table and thrust it in her pocket? What made her clutch the dead woman's hands, and tear the rings from them and push them on her own shaking fingers? What made her strip the scarf from the limp head opposite, and wind it tightly around her own? What brought that fierce, wild smile to her glittering eyes—her set and colorless mouth?

"Living, my life would be one long torture! Dead, I may be happy! Living, I should be pursued, degraded! Dead, honored, safe, loved—and loved by him I love! You are dead—do you hear?" she panted, to the awfully still figure before her. "You—Marguerite Woodville—are dead. I—the Countess of Silverdale—live!"

CHAPTER VI.

HARK!

Was that a knock?

No, just the wind beginning to rise—just the blowing of a leaf against the window-pane.

A queer scene. The gilded, tawdry hotel-room, with its cotton-plush furniture and bright-valanced bed; the narrow, black, wooden mantel on which a couple of candles flared; an illuminated patch—the corners were mystically dim.

And in that semi-circle of dull yellow light two women, one seated in a leathern arm-chair, her hands fallen stiffly down over the sides, her head lying heavily back, the face like a thing of stone, the sightless eyes half open, the frozen lips apart; the other, like and yet so enormously unlike it, a slim figure, standing just beyond, clad in a trim travelling costume, a scarf of black Spanish lace wound over her head.

Here was color enough for you—her cheeks were scarlet as poppies. Her excitement—her eyes burned like flame. Here life—thrilling, intense tumultuous; for she was one irresistible quiver from head to foot.

Dead—Lilian was dead!

No, no, no! She must be sure never to say that. It was Marguerite who was dead; yes, Marguerite. Poor Marguerite! She had loved Lilian. But no, it was Marguerite she must be sorry for—for her must she grieve.

What should she do next? Ring, alarm the inmates? Not just yet. She must think. She must think a great deal.

Would any one here notice anything strange? How could they? They had found it impossible to distinguish the sisters in broad daylight. Her hair was brown, to be sure. Who could tell but it was black under the thick-meshed lace?

She would go back to London early in the morning, taking Lilian—no, Marguerite—with her. She must telegraph her father and the Earl. The Earl he could not marry her in any case. The law of England prohibited marriage with the sister of a deceased wife.

What matter? She had grown reckless of late. She would make him as good, as loyal, as loving a wife as if they had been wedded in St. George's, Hanover Square. And he would never know the truth—never, and instead of being wretched as any branded galley-slave, instead of living in terror and starting guiltily at every sound, her life would flow on calm and fair and beautiful, far above all vulgar dread and still more vulgar need.

She was lovely; she knew that. And would not all be well with her when she was beloved, exalted, wealthy?

Ah! what was that? Did one of the little dead hands move?

There again—yes!

She shrieked aloud. She glanced at the face. It was senseless, staring, rigid as ever. But surely the hand had moved.

Another frantic shriek—another.

Steps came hurrying along the corridor without. The barking of a dog which ran out into the room mingled with her cries.

She saw now what had alarmed her. Waking up where he had lain under the chair of his mistress, little King Charlie had pushed his nose into the lifeless fingers, seeking his usual pat of recognition.

A knock. Her only answer was a scream. The door was flung open. They came hurrying in, the proprietor, his wife, half a dozen guests, as many servants.

"What is the matter?" they cried.

They were tumbling over each other in their eagerness.

But the incident of the spaniel had thoroughly unnerved the girl. She could only cry out, inarticulately, hysterically, wildly.

A moment more and they had seen it all for themselves—a woman fair, young, richly dressed, lying back in a great chair ghastly and stark.

"Good heavens!" the landlord cried, retreating. "She is dead!"

They huddled together, wordless, terrified.

The poor young lady! It did not look like a violent death. How had it happened? The landlord pushed his wife forward.

The sobbing cries grew fainter. She must not give way again like this, she told herself, savagely—there was too much to plan, to do.

"My lady," the good woman confronting her said, respectfully, "is it certainly death? Shall we get a doctor?"

Her heart gave one wild bound.

My lady! The deception she had begun to dread, what was it but child's play after all?

"Yes, yes. Call a doctor at once. I fear it is too late. I was lying on the lounge there asleep. I had left my sister sitting at the window, about to write to our father. When I awoke I called her. I lit the candle and drew the curtains before I looked at her. Then I saw—I saw," chokingly, "that she was dead."

She had turned toward the little group at the door as she offered her explanation. In the uncertain candle-light her woful, tear-wet face was very lovely. And indeed she was not feigning sorrow. She had loved her sister, as far as it was in her peculiar nature to love. And after her terrible quarter-hour of isolation, it was quite a relief to bewail her bereavement in sympathetic ears.

For they were sympathetic. Was not she young and beautiful, and in grief? More than all, was she not a real live Countess? A title is an immense recommendation to that class of people.

The poor creature! they whispered to each other. Such an awfully sudden death to befall her twin sister. And in this little out-of-the-way place, too. No wonder she felt it dreadfully. They must do all in their power for her.

"Here is the doctor," some one said.

He came bustling in, a short, rosy, preposterously stout individual, with a cast in his eye, an air of importance, and an umbrella.

"Ah, the Countess of Silverdale, I believe?"

He bowed as low as his stomach would permit. Her ladyship inclined her dark-draped head.

But he had already turned to the still figure in the chair, and, professionally alert, had begun an examination. The room had been cleared, only the landlord's wife remaining.

"Stay with me," Marguerite had pleaded, in a sudden accession of weakness.

And feeling highly flattered and flustered, the good soul acquiesced.

In a few moments the doctor looked up.

"Had not her heart been affected for some time?"

"So she told me less than a week ago."

"Ah! as I thought! You must detail me the circumstances of your discovery of her death."

She did so, lucidly, briefly. Excitement was on the ebb. She could feel the fire in her cheeks burning down.

"Do you know if she received a shock of any sort?"

She hesitated. Would she mention her suspicions? No, that would never do. Who could tell where might not the smallest hint lead? So she shook her head gravely.

"I think not."

"Well, a shock is not necessary—but necessary exactly," chirped on the little man, taking some papers from his pocket, "but death from this kind usually follows a shock. May I have a pen and ink, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Certainly, sir, if her ladyship will excuse me."

Marguerite nodded.

Mrs. Simpson waddled away. She came back in a minute bearing the articles required.

The doctor placed a chair for Marguerite, then drew one for himself up to the round mahogany centre-table.

He paused, pen in hand.

"Her name?"

There was absolutely no hesitancy. Her voice was full and clear.

"Marguerite Woodville."

"Age?"

"Nineteen."

Then followed several other questions.

After writing for some minutes, he presented her the paper.

"Sign, if you please."

She took the pen, wrote in a dashing hand. "Lilian Silverdale," and underneath, in explanatory conceit, the little doctor wrote "Countess of Silverdale."

At last, with many bows and politely worded condolences, he was gone—with a very fat fee in his purse, too.

"And now, if your ladyship will pardon the liberty I take, I think you ought to go to bed. You are looking all worn out, my lady."

"I am beginning to feel all worn out!" with a faint, sad smile.

Now that the reaction had set in, the supreme strain she had undergone was telling. A sudden thought struck her.

"Where is Jennie—my maid? I have not seen her this evening."

The rosy-posy face of the landlady grew confused.

"She has friends living just outside town. She slipped off to visit them for an hour or two. She didn't think as how you'd require here. There she is now."

There came up the passage a light-running step. A girl in a cashmere dressed and brown hat knocked, looked in.

Marguerite and the landlady were standing quite near the door. She did not see beyond them.

Marguerite roused herself for a last bit of acting. This was the one opportunity for which she had been longing.

"Why did you go out, Janet, without permission?"

The girl faltered—redder than she was with running she could not be.

"Please, your ladyship, I didn't mean to be gone over fifteen minutes. I didn't think during that time your ladyship would need me. I went to see my brother's cousin's wife, being as how I was so near to her."

Marguerite's face was dark and stern.

"That will do," she said, coldly. "I shall leave the amount due to you with Mrs. Simpson for you. I shall not require your services longer. You may continue to reside with your relative."

'Oh, your ladyship!" the girl protested, beginning to cry. "You don't mean to send me away? That does not seem like you, my dear lady."

Marguerite turned wearily, and murmured a word or two to Mrs. Simpson, in consequence of which that energetic dame went to the door, pushed the girl away, saying:

"Go home, come to-morrow, Janet. I suppose you don't know the sister of your mistress is dead?"

Then she shut the door and fastened it. Marguerite was lying on the lounge.

"Please come, your ladyship," she urged, deferentially but firmly. "Please come. We must wash and care for your poor sister if you are bound to go to London in the morning. If you will write out your dispatches, Simpson will send them, and as to the dear young lady there, we'll see to everything about her."

Marguerite rose obediently. There was not much life, energy, about her now. She was wan; and she shook as if with cold. Quietly, Mrs. Simpson led her to a little sitting-room not far from the chamber of death. To her father she wrote:—

"Marguerite died here to-night. We go back to London in the morning.

"LILIAN."

And to the Earl:—

"Marguerite died suddenly to-night. Don't hurry back. You could not arrive in time. "LILIAN."

"Now, my dear child, come—begging your pardon, your ladyship! But right into bed in the red room you must go. And I'll put a hot brick to your feet, and bring you up a glass of mulled wine. It's very comforting. No, bless you, the girls nor me won't lie down to-night. And you oughtn't to fret, for the poor child is better off, for this is a hard and cruel world, as I often tell Simpson; but come now, and I won't forget the brick nor the wine, which is very comforting, dear, when mulled."

CHAPTER VII.

TEN!

The harsh clock in the hall groaned out the hour.

Eleven!

And still the great dark eyes of the girl, who sat crouched in a corner so still in the little sitting-room, did not close.

Mrs. Simpson had brought her the hot brick, and the mulled wine. But the one could not warm nor the other cheer her. Sleep was not for her; not yet, at least.

And so sat there. She had not disrobed, and stared with steady, unseeing gaze at a glaringly-colored lithograph of the Queen's coronation which hung on the opposite wall.

How strange it was, how very strange, she told herself over and over, that she, Lilian, should be lying here, and Marguerite upstairs dead! It was a horrible world.

She shuddered as she whispered it. And yet why should she be so sorry for her? Poor Marguerite! her life had been harder than those nearest her dreamed.

But she, the Countess of Silverdale—she who was so dear, so precious to a good man's heart; she who had wealth and all the luxury which wealth embraces, waiting on her will; she for whom life blossomed already as the full rose breaks from the bud, crimson and glowing and sweet—ah, thank Heaven, she lived!

Twelve!

Behind her had lain a monstrous mistake; its black shadow stretched before. And now, with just perhaps a longer, deeper breath, gently silently she had gone away from it all.

She could not cast off her wretchedness, so she had stolen away, left it. A sudden chill crept over her as she listened. How dreary the clanging strokes sounded! each, she thought, like a clod on a coffin lid!

Ah!

She started to a sitting posture—rose.

That locket! She had almost forgotten it.

Her sister always wore it, since he had given it to her.

They had probably found it. She must see; she must secure it—wear it!

She took up the china candlestick which stood on the table beside her. She went softly out of the room, along the corridor, ascended the darkly carpeted steps.

From the open door at the head a light streamed. Without the wind had grown louder. It tried the door; it howled for entrance on the threshold; it beat like a human thing at the windows; it whistled down the chimney; it moaned eerily through the passages of the rickety old house. And, save the wind, there was no other sound. How weird it all was—almost uncanny!

It seemed to the girl going slowly, halfdazedly forward like a dream, as though she were wandering through a haunted house in a dream. What verse was that—where had she read it?—

"I lighted my lamp by the dying flame,
I crept up stairs that creaked for fright,
Then into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white."

As she reached the landing, a large, dark figure blotted out the light in the doorway.

"Who is there?" cried a fat voice. And then, recognizing her, "Ah, my lady, why did you get up? You need rest so badly; and all has been done for the dear young lady. She looks beautiful, as though she just was a-sleeping!"

"Did you"—a little huskily—"did you find a locket?"

"Yes, my lady, here it is."

She fumbled on the bosom of her dress, produced something from a folded hand kerchief, handed it to the countess.

"A fine looking gentleman, my lady—her sweetheart, I suppose?"

She had opened it then!

The pretty white fingers closed tightly over the trinket, so tightly the nails cut deep into the palms.

"You have no right to suppose anything!" she said, haughtily.

The broad, red face before her grew mortified.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, my lady; I should not have looked in."

But the tone was more hurt than apologetic.

Well, what did it matter, after all? They would not be likely to meet again. Impossable—the gulf which would lie between the Countess of Silverdale and Mrs. Martin Simpson.

She smiled condescending.

"It really is of no importance. The locket is mine. I believe I shall go in."

Mrs. Simpson stood respectfully aside.

She laid her candlestick down on a hall bracket, passed into the quiet-room. The woman sitting there rose, courteseid and noiselessly withdrew.

Was it here they had sat and chattered and laughed only this afternoon? Where was the disorder of their dressing-cases, the novels they had been reading, the wraps which were scattered around?

Everything was in the most painfully precise order. The curtains hung straightly; the chairs were ranged against the wall; the little table beside the bed was covered with a white cloth, and on it stood three wax tapers in a battered silvered candelabrum. And on the bed!

Still feeling vaguely as if it were only a dream, as if she must wake soon to the everyday life, the reality, she went up to the smooth and snowy couch, looked down.

So still, so fair, so beautiful! Never in life had she seemed half so lovely. The curling hair was brushed softly back. On the marble cheeks the lashes lay dark as night.

Was it imagination, or had the sweet, shut lips a tinge of color? The watcher might have cried out with Romeo:

"Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

The little hands were lightly clasped upon the coverlet; just a few green leaves between the frozen fingers. Long she beside the bed looked, silently, tearlessly. Then she turned to Mrs. Simpson.

"Go!"

"But, my lady——"

"Go. Come back in a couple of hours. Get some sleep if you can. You are very kind, but I would rather be alone with her."

And when she was alone with her, she closed the door and came back and knelt by the bedside and broke down in low, bitter sobbing.

"It is no dream. I shall not wake. Oh, though your death gives all the world holds enviable—for I will not lose the game, I swear—I wish you were living, your own, dear, laughing self—I do, oh, my little sister!"

Like a banshee the wind shrieked under the window. Crouching there, whispering softly to her now and then, gradually she grew calmer.

If the wind would only cease its wailing! Why, it jabbered like a thousand demons.

But listen! was that the wind? A creaking noise, as though some one were fumbling at the lattice.

She did not stir, but gave one swift, sideling look toward the casement.

Even as, cowering against the low bed there, she held her breath and looked, the curtains stirred.

There was a lull in the wind. The stillness seemed fairly tangible.

Something came through the curtains, gently pushing them back—a man's hand.

Great heavens? was it he? Why had he come back? Was she not safe from him even dead?

She leaped to her feet. She was no coward. She rushed forward.

And at that very moment the wind outshrieked afresh, tore the curtains from the cautious, sinewy fingers, sent them swirling wildly, set the lights flickering, and revealed in the open door-like casement a tall, dark figure.

So they confronted each other, not three feet apart. He seemed rooted to the spot with dismay at being discovered.

"How dare you!" she hissed.

He shrank from the stately young figure, the pallid face, the eyes which burned like living coals.

And yet in her heart was an awful fear. What if he knew, after all, it was Lilian who was dead?

"I thought I would just steal a look at Miss Marguerite, my lady, seeing I'd been her servant and yours so long."

Her heart gave one mad bound, then seemed to stand still, while the lights danced fantastically about her, and the wind yelled in her ears. She drew a long breath.

He must not see her, though—not for worlds. Not yet!

Standing between him and the bed, she spoke, calmly, gravely,—

"Listen to me," she said. "Reuben Garrett, she is dead. Whatever guilty secret lay between you two, I know not. But this I know. Living, you made her life one weary torture. Now that you have killed her, let her rest."

"Killed her!"

"Yes;" she cried, fiercely—"as surely, just as surely, as though you had shot her. I have the revolver you dropped, and I shall keep it. Hush! Not one word! Was I not here—yes, here? No wonder you start. I was lying on yonder lounge. I saw you spring in upon her—terrify her."

Watching his face sharply, she saw that her conjecture was right. The random shot had struck home.

"Her heart was affected, and so you killed her. Don't pursue her dead as you did living. She has found peace at last. For the sake of Heaven, who will judge you both, leave her that which she has so dearly won!"

Her voice had risen fuller, sweeter.

A superb piece of acting. Magnificently had she risen to the occasion.

He jerked his hat over his brows. He could not have been wholly depraved. His voice was tremulous when he spoke.

"May I see her at all before——"

He paused.

She considered a moment.

"Yes. To-morrow, in London."

Once again the frenzied wind swept around them. The lights were almost extinguished.

"Thank you, my lady!" very humbly.

If he would only go! A great faintness was creeping over her.

"I wouldn't ask the favor, my lady," he broke out, suddenly, "but I loved her!"

And then he turned, swung himself over the balcony, as he had done a few hours before, rushed into the darkness, and vanished. And not a moment to soon.

He loved her! Sense, sight, life, slipped from her.

Darkness, dense and impenetrable, closed in around her. She fell prone upon the floor.

And so when the candles were flickering out in their sockets they found her.

* * * * * *

"You poor little thing!" cried Mrs. Stanford, with pitying emphasis.

And she made a rush at her visitor, caught her in her arms, gave her a hug and a kiss, and then fell back with a frown and arranged her cap strings as though ashamed of her affectionate outburst.

"I have only a couple of hours in London, Aunt Eliza. We—we go immediately after some affairs are arranged. Mr. Tennyson is seeing to everything. I thought I would come to you, if only for a little while."

She stood in the centre of the blue-and-gold reception-room of the great city mansion, a small, black-clad, crape-veiled figure.

"I'm glad you did, dear. Here, sit down. I'll ring for tea. You look exhausted. Let me help you take off your things."

"No, no!" She had sunk into a big, puffed chair. "Don't touch me—don't ask me to stir. When I've had a cup of tea I'll go up to your room—your own room, please, it is always so cosy—and lie down there for an hour. I am tired out."

"As you will, dear. Poor Marguerite?—such a shock! You were alone with her, were you not? Tell me the particulars."

Lying back in her chair, sipping the strong, fragrant tea, she told her briefly and clearly the facts of her sister's death.

Mrs. Stanford could hardly be called a handsome woman. She was too tall, too bony, too brown. Her eyes were dark and bright, her tongue and her temper very quick, her speech rapid and ready. She had, moreover, a big, warm, loving heart, but this fact she labored as industriously to conceal as though its possession were something criminal.

But now, as she sat in the bright September sunshine and listened to the trembling recital of the Countess of Silverdale, wink as hard as she would, she could not keep back the sympathetic tears.

"Poor Marguerite!" she said again. "The dear child—and so young! You were a more general favorite, I know, but I always like Marguerite. Though, to be sure, she had changed a great deal of late. I noticed it especially at your wedding. She seemed so excitable, so full of moods. Did you remark it?"

The countess laid down her cup, and rose.

"Yes. And now may I go to your room?"

"Certainly—come! It has been a fearful ordeal for you, Lilian. And your husband away, too. I read all about the burning of the convent. And you and Marguerite were so attached always! Dear, dear!"

The countess was regarding her steadily.

"You look as young as ever, Aunt Eliza."

The elder woman was dressed in stiff brocade, a very elaborate cap of lace and artificial flowers perched on her suspiciously black head.

They were in the bed room now.

"Yes, dear; but I wouldn't, only for De Lessett."

A faint, amused smile flitted over the face of her listener.

"You still use his dye?"

"It isn't a dye, child. It is simply a restorative—encourages growth. If my hair happens to be white and the elixir happens to be black, that is no reason, is it, I should not use it?"

"Of course not!" She walked to the massive mahogany dressing-case, took up a vial standing thereon. "This is it. I remember you had it when Marguerite and I were here last. Have you more than this, Aunt Eliza?"

"Half a dozen bottles. Why?"

"I want you to give me some to take down to Mrs. Allan—our housekeeper, you know. She uses the most distracting restoratives. They shade off into blue or green."

"Cheap ones always do. Here, I'll put these in your travelling-bag. Tell her one application dyes in fifteen minutes, and is warranted a perfect restorative. Now I'll go. Try and rest, poor child!"

And she went away.

Instantly the Countess sprang up, secured the door, flung off bonnet and veil, hastened to the mirror, undid her braided hair, glanced at her watch, took up her aunt's precious vial, and began to apply the contents to her tresses with light, deft touches—just as she had seen her aunt do many a time.

Five minutes passed—fifteen, twenty. And still, her task done, she stood there and stared at herself.

It was a marvellous compound—that of the little old Frenchman her aunt patronized.

Others might notice slight change, if any—black hair has shifting lights, which makes it sometimes seem brown—but to her the difference was very marked.

"I could fancy," she whispered, to her glowing eyed reflection in the mirror, "that you were Lilian. But you are—yes, you must not forget it—you are Lilian! Marguerite—poor Marguerite—is dead!"

"So good of you to have come here!" her aunt exclaimed, as half an hour later, the Countess resumed her bonnet and jacket in her presence, and went down to her father's solicitor, who awaited her with a carriage. "So very thoughtful of you to have come to see me!"

The Countess smiled—sadly, though, as became the occasion—kiss her aunt, took the proffered arm of her escort, entered the vehicle, and was driven away.

And now behind her veil she smiled to herself, and this time not sadly.

It was not altogether thoughtful goodness which had taken her to see her aunt—not altogether!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CALMNESS is the most abundant origin of all that is keen and deep in the movement of the mind.

Bric-a-Brac.

ON THE MOON.—A weight which would only be three ounces on the moon would be one pound on the earth, and the same force would throw a body six and a half times farther or higher on the former body.

ASHAMED OF MARRIAGE.—In Albania it is etiquette for a man about to marry to be very much ashamed of himself, and, not to mention the subject at all, but to leave everything to the old woman of his family, who take a professional delight in seeing that every ceremony and superstition is rigidly adhered to.

THE OWL'S POWERLESS EYE.—The owl has no power of motion in its eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in the socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case, in the form of a truncated cone; but in order to compensate for this absence of motion in the eye, it is able to turn its head round in almost a complete circle without moving its body.

FOSSIL TREES.—A small forest of fossil trees has just been discovered at the Tranent colliery in the Lothians, Scotland. Several of the trees have been examined, and are found in some instances to be composed of light or dark freestone. In one instance the freestone consists of alternate layers about fifteen inches in diameter and two feet in height, with strong, widespreading roots at the base. Between thirty and forty trees have been laid bare at Tranent. They were said to be not unlike the stalagmites found in some mines.

A DIVORCE IN SWITZERLAND.—Until within a few years a curious custom has obtained in Switzerland. When husband and wife expressed a desire for a divorce they were required to enter a room and live therein together for a fortnight, during which time they were neither to see nor to converse with anybody else. Their food was passed to them through a narrow opening in the wall, and all communication with the outside world was shut off. If at the end of a fortnight of this confinement together the couple still clamored for divorce it was granted.

THE WORLD' HIGHEST CHIMNEY.—A factory chimney, said to be the highest in the world, is now being erected at the Royal Smelting Works, near Freiberg, in Saxony. The horizontal flue from the works to the chimney is 1,091 yards long; it crosses the river at Mulde and then takes an upward course of 197 feet to the top of the hill, upon which the chimney is being built. The base of the structure is 32 feet square by 20 feet in height, on which is placed a short octagonal transition, from which the round shaft starts. This is 430 feet high, or, together with the base, 460 feet high, with an inside diameter of 23 feet at the bottom and 16 feet 6 inches at the top. It will take 15,000,000 of bricks, and the estimated cost is $30,000.

THE TOILET.—As an interesting proof that the toilet has always occupied the attention of the human species, reference need only be made to the fact that it was anciently the custom to bury with the dead the combs that were so much cherished during life. From the great numbers of such relics of antiquity which have been at various times dug up in early British, Roman, and Saxon barrows in this country, as well as among the ruins of Pompeii and elsewhere, comparisons between ancient and modern specimens of the articles are now afforded to us, with the result that an unquestionable superiority attaches itself to the former. Originally the Greeks and Romans imitated the boxwood combs of the Egyptians; later, however, they made them of ivory, which was sometimes gilt; thenceforward, down to the Middle Ages, ivory constituted the sole material used.

HOMING SOULS.

BY MRS. F. L. BALLARD.

As the freed dove, impelled by instinct rare,
Wings a swift passage through the pathless air,
Nor stays in all his flight until he come,
If spent, yet true to his expecting home!

So doth the soul, though carried far away,
Fettered by doubts and fears, when comes the day
That looses this harsh bondage, straightway fly
To seek its waiting home beyond the sky.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOTTLE—— Put it away!"

Cyril looked round, but saw no bottle on the table, or anywhere else.

"What bottle?" he asked anxiously. "I don't see any. What has happened? Are you ill?"

Guildford Berton stared vaguely for a little while, then he managed to raise his head.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said with an effort. "I'm very sorry. The fact is ——"

His eyes wandered from Cyril's face to the table, as if seeking something, and a look of relief seemed to come into his face in its absence.

"The fact is I—well, I suppose I have had a fit."

"A fit!" said Cyril, gravely. "Are you subject to them, then?"

"Well, I've had one or two before," replied Guildford Berton, avoiding his questioning and anxious gaze.

"But—but," said Cyril, more gravely still, "if that's so, is it wise to live in such an out-of-the-way place, and so much alone? I've tried to call your servant, the woman who opened the door to me—but all to no purpose; and I'm afraid that if I had not happened to come in it is likely you might have lain here until——"

"I died?" filled in Guildford Berton with a peculiar smile. "There was no fear of that. It isn't fatal."

He dropped back as he spoke and a shiver ran through him. Cyril, taking it as a sign of relapse, looked round the room for some restorative.

Behind the chair was a cupboard door, and in the hope that he might find some brandy he opened it.

As he did so the pungent odor he had detected before came out to meet him strongly, and he saw that the cupboard contained a number of bottles such as are used for chemicals.

One—a small phial of blue glass, with a medicine measure beside it—stood at the extreme edge of the shelf as if it had been hastily placed there.

More and more puzzled, Cyril pushed the bottles about in search of brandy, but could find none, and was still searching when he heard Guildford Berton's voice exclaim:

"What are you doing there? Come away!"

Cyril closed the cupboard, and came to the chair.

"I was looking for some brandy," he said. "I think a little would pull you round."

"There is no brandy," said Guildford Berton curtly. "If you'll be good enough to wait a moment——"

He stopped, and, raising slowly, stood holding on by the chair for a second or two; then he staggered to the cupboard and, taking a bottle from the shelf, poured some of the contents into the medicine measure and drank it.

Almost instantly his weakness seemed to disappear, and after locking the door he turned and confronted Cyril with the very same expression of restraint and reserve which had been so marked in the morning.

"I'm afraid I've alarmed you," he said with a forced smile.

"You certainly have, very much, my good sir," assented Cyril. "I hope you are better?"

"Oh, yes, I am all right now," was the reply. "Pray sit down."

Cyril sank into a seat slowly, and Guildford Berton went back to his chair.

"It was very unfortunate that I should have—fainted just at the moment of your arrival; it was a poor kind of welcome; but I am exceedingly glad to see you, Mr. Burne."

Cyril made some response.

"Don't trouble to talk for a little while," he said. "I don't think you are quite right yet, and you'd better rest."

"Oh, I am quite recovered, thanks," said Guildford Berton. "Those attacks don't last long, and leave me as suddenly as they come."

"You appear to have got quite a collection of chemicals in your cupboard," remarked Cyril, not curiously, but for the the sake of something to say. "I suppose you keep them as restoratives?"

Guildford Berton paused for a moment, then he smiled.

"Some of them, yes," he said. "I always had a taste for doctoring, and I keep a few simple remedies by me. We have no doctor nearer than Parkham, and I find the kind of things I keep useful amongst the poor people here. Toothaches and that sort of thing are their most serious ailments, and they have got into the habit of coming to me."

"I see: it's very kind of you," said Cyril. "Your room smells quite like a chemist's shop."

Guildford Berton glanced up at him.

"You noticed it?" he said. "Let us go into another room," and he rose. "I very seldom sit here myself."

He led the way across the small hall into another room, which was not quite so gloomy, and much more comfortably furnished. There were some books and a few pictures, and Cyril was rather glad to miss the peculiar odor which pervaded the other room.

His host turned up the lamp and got some spirits and glasses from a sideboard.

"I have only one servant, the old woman whom you saw, so you must excuse the absence of ceremony, Mr. Burne," he said.

"I am so accustomed to waiting upon myself too require many servants," responded Cyril.

"You've emptied the carafe, I see," said Guildford Berton, when he had fetched it from the other room, and he went to the fireplace and touched an electric bell.

The old woman entered, and Berton pointed to the carafe and made signs to her on his fingers in the deaf and dumb language.

"Your housekeeper is greatly afflicted," remarked Cyril, looking at her compassionately, and thinking at the same time that it was the finishing touch to the gloomy little place, and what a cheerful kind of person Mr. Guildford Berton must be to live under such conditions.

He was evidently of a melancholy disposition, was subject to fits, and lived in a sunless house surrounded by a high wall, and quite alone excepting for an old woman who was deaf and dumb!

"Yes," said Guildford Berton carelessly. "She isn't quite deaf, however, though she's as dumb as this table," and he struck it, "but I thought it easier to teach her the deaf and dumb language than to be continuously yelling at her. I dislike all noises."

"Much more convenient," said Cyril. "But—I'm afraid you'll think me rather impertinent—I'm surprised at your choosing such a person for your housekeeper."

Guildford Berton shrugged his shoulders.

"The best kind of servant to have," he responded; "they can't din the life out of you with their tongues, and they can't carry tales. Besides, a younger woman would be always gadding about, and give me no end of trouble looking after her. Help yourself, will you, and try these cigars. They—and the liquor—are good," he added with the shadow of a smile, "for they come from the Court. The earl is good enough to keep me supplied."

He raised his eyes and glanced at his guest to see what effect, if any, his words would produce, but Cyril merely nodded as he said—

"Yes, it's a capital cigar, and I am sure the whiskey is all right."

"I suppose you are rather surprised that the Earl of Arrowdale should be so intimate with so humble a person as myself?" said Guildford Berton, leaning back in his chair, but looking not one half so much at ease as his visitor, who, though in the most comfortable attitude, had that peculiarly graceful air which is born with some men.

"I don't know why I should," responded Cyril, wondering whether his strange host was going to be confidential.

"You don't know, I suppose, that I am the son of the earl's late steward?" went on Guildford Berton, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"No," said Cyril, "I did not know it."

"I am, which makes it all the more extraordinary that the earl should acknowledge me as his friend. It was very condescending, don't you think?"

It was a question which it was only possible to answer in one way.

"Not at all," Cyril replied.

"You don't? I fancy most people do, and they let me see that they do."

His pale face grew dusty red for a moment.

"But it is easily explained. I have been of some service to the earl, Mr. Burne, and as I have always refused to accept any remuneration, he has paid me in another fashion."

"I understand," said Cyril, still wondering why Mr. Guildford Berton, who had looked ready to eat him in the morning, should be so communicative in the evening.

"Had you ever seen the earl before this morning?" asked Berton carelessly.

"No," replied Cyril.

"You were very much struck with him, I suppose?"

Cyril hesitated a moment.

"I thought him extremely courteous and —well, 'highly polished.'"

A smile, cynical and not altogether pleasant, curled Berton's lips.

"Yes, he is admirably veneered. Don't they say that if you scratch the Russian you find the Tartar underneath?"

Cyril nodded.

"Well, that applies to the earl. He is smooth enough until you scratch him, then ——"

He paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"Did you ever hear of his nephew?" he asked, suddenly raising his eyes and looking at Cyril.

"Who is he?" asked Cyril.

"The Viscount Santleigh."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of him," replied Cyril.

Guildford Berton leant forward, then fell back, as if he desired to suppress any sign of curiosity.

"What sort of a man is he?" he asked.

"'Pon my word, I'm scarcely capable of describing him," said Cyril. "We unknown artists don't have very close acquaintanceship with viscounts, but from what I have heard I should say that he is considered something of a fool by most people."

Guildford Berton seemed to turn the answer over in his mind for a second or two, then he nodded.

"I understand. Do you know where he is now?" he asked.

"When he was last heard of he was going abroad, I believe," said Cyril.

"He must be a fool," remarked Guildford Berton.

"Why do you say that?" asked Cyril, rather languidly, as if the subject did not particularly interest him.

"Because, though he is a poor man, he has refused a large sum of money," said Berton. He has run through what property he held in his own right, and though the earl offered him a large sum to cut off the entail, and so enable the earl to leave the estate to whom he pleased, Lord Santleigh refused it."

"That sounds foolish," said Cyril.

"Yes," assented Guildford Berton, "he forgets that the earl may marry again, or that he—the young viscount, I mean—might die before the earl. Life is uncertain, and money"—Cyril fancied that a sudden gleam flashed in the sombre eyes—"money is tangible."

"Perhaps Lord Santleigh doesn't care about money," suggested Cyril.

Guildford Berton looked at him incredulously.

"Even he can't be such a fool as that would make him," he remarked.

"It seems scarcely likely, I'll admit," said Cyril.

There was a pause, during which the two men sat and smoked, Guildford Berton with his eyes fixed on the carpet, Cyril looking at his host with some curiosity.

Then suddenly Berton said—

"Do you admire Lady Norah?"

Cyril's handsome face flushed, and a feeling of resentment tingled through him. There was no great harm in the question, and yet Cyril found the greatest difficulty in answering it.

"I think Lady Norah is very beautiful, yes," he replied coldly.

Guildford Berton glanced up at him.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose she is. I don't profess to be a judge. I am a little of a woman-hater. You know she only arrived last night."

Cyril nodded rather curtly. He felt the strongest disinclination to discuss Lady Norah with Mr. Guildford Berton. But if that gentleman observed that disinclination he persisted, for some reason or other, in continuing the topic.

"I wonder how long she will remain at the Court?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Cyril.

"I meant how long would it be before the earl quarrelled with her. He quarrels with everyone sooner or later."

"Excepting with Mr. Guildford Berton," Cyril could not help putting in.

Berton looked at him.

"Excepting with me—yes," he said. "He is sure to quarrel, he always does with all his relations; he quarreled with his wife. Which is a pity, for Lady Norah's sake."

"Why?" asked Cyril reluctantly.

"Because," said Guildford Berton slowly, as if he wished to impress every word upon him, "there was no settlement when she and the earl were married, and the quarrel and separation prevented any being made afterwards, consequently Lady Norah is entirely at the mercy of her father. If they should quarrel he would leave her penniless."

Cyril stared at him.

"I don't know how this can interest either you or me, Mr. Berton," he said, and at his tone Guildford Berton's face grew red.

"I didn't know whether you might not regard her in the light of a wealthy heiress," he said, "and I merely mentioned the matter in the course of conversation."

"I don't think I care to discuss the earl's private affairs, Mr. Berton," said Cyril coldly, "and I am sure I have no desire to learn anything concerning Lady Norah's."

"Of course not, of course not," assented Guildford Berton with an upward glance. "As you say, it is no business of ours."

"I didn't say so quite so plainly," said Cyril, "but I certainly think so. None whatever."

He looked at his watch, and got up from his chair.

"It is later than I thought," he said, "and I must be going."

"Oh, don't hurry," remonstrated Guildford Berton, but Cyril would not be persuaded to extend his visit, and his host accompanied him along the winding path and to the gate.

"Good-night," said Cyril. I hope you will come and see me some evening," he added as he was bound to do.

Guildford Berton accepted the invitation at once, and held out his hand.

Cyril took it and almost started, for though the night was warm and genial, Guildford Berton's hand was as cold as ice.

"If I were a doctor," Cyril said, "I should order you another glass of whisky —hot this time—and bed."

Guildford Berton smiled.

"Oh, I'm all right, thank you," he responded; then as Cyril turned he said, "Oh, by the way, Mr. Burne, I shall be glad if you will say nothing of the—the slight indisposition under which you found me this evening."

"Certainly I will not," Cyril said. "But I think you rather underestimate it, if you will allow me to say so."

Guildford Berton shook his head with a peculiar smile.

"It was nothing," he said. "Good-night, Mr. Burne."

He stood at the gate in the wall watching Cyril's strong, lithe figure striding away down the lane; then, bolting the gate securely, returned to the house, and stood in front of the chair Cyril had sat in, and looked at it as if its late occupant were still there.

"Poor and proud," he muttered, "and handsome as the devil. Just the sort of man to take a girl's fancy. Hum! I don't think you like me, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I —" he paused, and his lips parted slightly, showing his small teeth in a thin, white line, "and I hate you. You may go your way and not interfere, but if you should cross my path and become a nuisance ——"

He stopped again, and after regarding the empty chair with a sinister smile for another moment or two, he took up the lamp and the water jug, and went into the room in which Cyril had found him.

Sitting the lamp down upon the table, he carefully locked the door and fastened the window shutters.

Then he took a large handkerchief from his pocket, and, pouring some water on to it from the jug, tied it over his mouth. Then he unlocked the cupboard door, and taking down two bottles and a test glass, carefully poured into the latter an equal portion of each of the liquids contained in the bottles.

Lastly he got the small phial, and, first holding out his hand at arm's length to see if it was steady, most carefully and slowly allowed a few drops to fall into the mixture.

Whatever this last chemical might have been, it worked an extraordinary change

in the compound to which it had been added, for it hissed as hot iron hisses in the smith's trough, and the color of the mixture changed from dull grey to bright crimson, then to a vivid green, and lastly lost all color and became like water.

But at this point of its transformation a faint but penetrating odor rose from it, so penetrating, indeed, that it appeared to make its way through the wet handkerchief, and Guildford Berton's pale face went deathly white, and he swayed to and fro slightly.

With a muffled exclamation of satisfaction he skilfully poured the colorless liquid he had concocted into an empty phial, and having tightly corked it, removed the handkerchief from his face.

Then he covered the cork with sealing wax, and placing the small phial in a padded pocket inside his waistcoat, sank back in the chair and smiled as one smiles who after infinite toil and trouble has reached a long desired success.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT EVENING, about an hour before dinner, Norah was in her own room reading a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems which she had found in the library; that is to say she read for a few minutes, then her eyes strayed from the book and wandered over the view, and her thoughts wandered also.

Norah had read a great deal, for her life had lacked companionship, and most of her amusements had been solitary ones; but though love had naturally generally been the theme of the novel or the poem, it had always been a mystery to her.

In all her short life she had never met the one man whose voice had power to raise the strange echo in the heart which proclaims the birth of love.

She had, for instance, never fallen in love with the curate or the young doctor as some girls for want of a better object occasionally do; she had not only not fallen in love with them, but she had not given a thought to them after they had left her presence.

But to-night as she sat by the open window, she found that though Mrs. Browning was delightful, to recall the face and words of the young artist was more delightful still.

She felt sure that it was he whom she had heard on the terrace, and she wondered why she had not plucked up courage and asked him.

How frankly he had spoken! not mincing his words and smiling the conventional smile which most young men consider it necessary to assume when they address members of the other sex; and how straight and steady was the look of his handsome, expressive eyes!

She wondered whether the earl would make inquiries as he had said, and if so whether the would result in Cyril Burne's being asked to dinner; at the thought, the fancy picture of his being seated, say, next to her, or opposite her, Norah's face grew warmly colored and her eyes drooped; but she did not pause to ask herself why the mere prospect of eating her dinner in the company of the young man with the manly voice and straightforward eyes should be so pleasant to her.

It never occurred that if not already in love with Cyril Burne, the subtle poison had entered her being; the enemy was already parleying at the gate of her heart.

She was aroused both from Mrs. Browning and her own thoughts, by a knock at the door and the entrance of Harman.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," she said glancing at the open book, "I'm afraid I've disturbed you, my lady; but I've brought Becca."

Norah gave a little start.

She had been so absorbed reading and thinking that she had forgotten all about Rebecca South.

"That is right," she said; "where is she?"

"Outside, my lady," replied Harman, and she opened the door and beckoned Becca in.

The girl entered, and stood eying Norah with the expression of half defiance, half curiosity, which had so impressed Cyril, then her black eyes dropped before Norah's kindly regard

The girl looked prettier at close quarters, Norah thought, than at a distance, and she smiled at Harman with a little nod of satisfaction.

"I am glad you have come, Rebecca—or Becca, as I should like to call you," said Norah.

Becca stood motionless, fingering the lace edging on her dress.

"Curtsey and say 'Thank you, my lady,'" retorted Harman in an undertone.

Becca made a very slight curtsey, and murmured something that sounded like the words suggested.

"Will you come and sit down here?" said Norah, rather amused at the girl's half shy, half fierce manner.

She was like some beautiful scarcely tamed young animal, who fears a blow and is prepared to retort with a kick or a bite.

Becca crossed the room and seated herself on the low ottoman near Norah's chair, and Norah, thinking that they would probably come to an understanding much sooner if the aunt were not present, said:

"Leave Becca and me to have a little talk, Harman, will you?"

"Yes, my lady;" said Harman, and she went out, but paused at the door to cast a warning glance towards her young niece.

"You know why I asked you to come and see me, Becca?" said Norah.

"Aunt told me that you wanted to take me into service," she said.

The voice matched the eyes in the matter of expression, and Norah, thinking she detected a touch of sullenness in it, said:

"I wanted you to come and help your aunt in various ways, but my idea was rather that you should come to the Court and keep me company sometimes."

Becca looked at her steadily for a moment.

"I should like that," she said almost to herself; "but it sounds funny," she added, with a candor which amused Norah.

"Does it?" she asked. "Why?"

"Why should you, a lady, want such as me to keep you company?" said Becca.

"Because, although I am a lady, as you say, I am very lonely," said Norah in her sweet frank voice, "and I want to have someone I can speak to, and who will talk to me about—well, anything that interests her."

"Is that all—my lady?" asked Becca, adding the "my lady" as an after-thought.

Norah laughed at the "naïveté" of the question.

"Well, I'm afraid that would be scarcely employment enough, unless we chattered all day; but I thought you could help make some of my dresses: That is a very pretty on you have got on; who made that?"

"I did," replied Becca, looking down at it and smoothing it with her hand.

"You must be very clever," said Norah. "I am afraid I could not make a dress to save my life. I have trimmed a hat and a bonnet, but they were not very great successes."

"It's easy enough," remarked Becca; "I could make that dress you have got on."

Norah smiled.

"I think you could; you have made your own so prettily," she said. "But I don't want you to be always at needlework. Are you fond of reading?"

"Yes," replied Becca, nodding.

"Well, then, you could read to me sometimes, or I could read to you while you are working."

"That would be nice," said Becca, looking out of the corner of her eyes thoughtfully. "And am I to live here, sleep here, at the Court?" she asked suddenly, her eyes downcast.

Norah thought for a moment.

"Well, I had hoped that you would, but perhaps you cannot leave your grandfather altogether?"

Becca looked up, as if she caught at the suggestion.

"No, my lady; I don't think I could," she said.

"Very well," said Norah; "you shall arrange with your aunt as to how long you shall stay."

Becca's face fell.

"I'd rather leave it to you," she said, under her breath; "she's rather hard to me."

Norah looked puzzled.

"Oh, I don't think your aunt could be unkind, Becca," she said at last; "she seems so fond of you."

"She's hard," repeated Becca, half defiantly, half sullenly. "She wants to chain me up——"

She stopped as if she had gone too far, and her black eyes flashed.

Norah laughed.

"Perhaps she thinks you are a little giddy Becca," she said, "but I am sure she only wishes to do the best for you. But there," she broke off, feeling that she was getting "preachy," and that if she continued she would probably make the wild young creature dislike her, "I don't want to deprive you of your liberty, and you shall stay just as long as you like."

Becca's face lightened.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed, "then I'll come."

"Well you are here now," said Norah with a smile, "and if you like you may stay. Oh, but," she broke off, as if she suddenly remembered, "I must ask the earl. You wait here until I come back. You can look at the book I was reading, if you like."

Becca took it, and Norah opened the door.

She found Harman waiting on the stairs.

"Well, my lady, will she do?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," said Norah with a smile, "I am sure we shall get on very well together. Please don't go into her. I have given her a book to read, while I go down and ask the earl if she may stay."

Becca turned over two or three pages of Mrs. Browning and read a line or two; then she looked round the room with the book still in her hand.

Presently the girl got up, and stealing on tip toe to the next room, opened the wardrobe and looked at the dresses.

They were so few as to be soon exhausted, and, still on tip toe, as if she feared someone might hear her, she went to the dressing table, parted and arranged the coils of her black hair, and surveyed herself critically and yet complacently in the glass.

There were one or two knick-knacks of Norah's lying on the table—a ring and a small watch chain—and Becca slipped the ring on her finger and hooked the albert in her dress, and surveyed them in the glass.

Then her black eyes wandered about for something else to examine and try on.

A small box caught her attention, and she took it up and tried to open it.

It was either locked or shut with a spring, but she managed to open it with the aid of a hairpin. There did not seem to be much in it to reward her curiosity, for it contained only a look of hair enclosed in a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear mother's." It was fair, silken hair, and Becca compared it with her own raven locks with a smile of satisfaction. In addition to the look of hair there was a photograph—a carte—of a woman's face, and Becca concluded at once that it was a portrait of the countes, Norah's mother; but turning it over, she saw written on the back, "Dear Catherine."

She was looking at the portrait and wandering whose it was, when the dressing bell rang, and she heard the handle of the door turn.

She had put the look of hair back in the box, but there was no time to return the photograph, and as she ran swiftly into the next room and dropped on to the ottoman she slipped the portrait into her pocket.

* * * * * *

Norah ran downstairs, leaving the inquisitive Becca, to ask the earl if she might take that young person into her service. She knocked at the library door, but a footman informed her that the earl was in the drawing-room, and Norah, entered the room, found him seated with a lady of more than middle age, but still remarkably pretty. She was dressed in exquisite taste, and Norah, as she stood still, was instantly attracted towards her, as the elder lady regarded her with a pleasant, welcoming kind of a smile.

The earl rose and assumed his most graceful attitude.

"This is my daughter Norah, Lady Ferndale," he said.

Norah approached the pleasant-looking lady, and Lady Ferndale held out her hand; then she drew Norah towards her and kissed her very prettily.

"My dear, I am very glad to see you!" she said, and Norah thought how well her voice matched her gentle face and kindly eyes. "You have seen my husband," she smiled, "and have made a great conquest of him! I seem to have known you for years, he has talked so much of you."

Norah blushed, and the lady drew her into the chair beside her own.

"I hope we shall be great friends," she said. "I haven't any daughters of my own left," with a plaintive little cadence, "they have gone from me now; and I am so fond of young people, as your father well knows."

"All the world knows Lady Ferndale's goodness of heart," said the earl with his courtly bow.

Lady Ferndale smiled rather whimsically.

"It is never safe to give your father an opportunity of paying a compliment, my dear," she remarked. "But I mean what I said."

"And always, with charming sincerity, say what you mean, dear lady," observed the earl with another bow.

Lady Ferndale laughed softly.

"Yes, that's the worst of me! Ferndale often says that my excessive candor will be my ruin, and that he is continually getting me out of scrapes into which my plain speaking has hurried me."

She held Norah's hand while she was talking and looked at her now and again with the deepest interest and admiration.

"We must tell each other all about ourselves, dear," she said. "Suppose we begin at once?"

Norah smiled at the quaint directness of the speech.

"But we can't while the earl sits there listening, can we?"

She earl rose promptly.

"I take my dismissal," he said blandly.

"No, don't go; I have thought of another way, as the cookery book says; I wonder whether you would care to come back with me after dinner. Will you, Lord Arrowdale?"

The earl conveyed a courteous negative by a wave of his had.

"I am sure you do not want me," he said. "But if you will confine your invitation to Norah——"

"That's just what I want!" remarked Lady Ferndale with her refreshing candor. "I want to have her all to myself. Will you come, my dear? My ponies are at the door, and we will neither of us dress," she glanced at Norah's dress approvingly, "and, indeed, I don't think you have anything prettier than that frock!"

"I shall be very glad to come, Lady Ferndale," Norah responded.

"Then run away and put on your hat, and we'll start at once," said Lady Ferndale.

Then, as Norah left the room, she turned to the earl with an exclamation of surprise and admiration.

"Gracious, what a beautiful girl! I don't wonder at Ferndale's raptures! What a happy man you must be to have such a sweet creature for a daughter!"

The earl bowed, but without any enthusiasm.

"I am gratified by your approval of her, Lady Ferndale," he said.

"Approval!" she exclaimed; "that isn't the word. I'm in love with her at first sight. Why she will be a tremendous success and set the county agape. How you can possibly have neg—have kept her from you so long, I can't think."

The earl's face grew momentarily hard and cold, and Lady Ferndale hastened to add—

"However, wherever she has been she has been well trained and cared for. That little air of repose and dignity she has is simply fascinating. I suppose she gets her manner from you?"

The earl smiled, and waved the compliment aside gracefully.

"I have not yet had time to criticise her," he said, "but I am delighted that you should see anything to admire in her. For my part I thought—" he paused a moment, "unlike any member of my family."

Lady Ferndale reflected for a moment, her head on one side, then she responded with startling candor—

"Yes, so she is, quite unlike when I come to think of it; she is so much more beautiful than any of the Arrowdales."

The earl smiled grimly.

"Thank you for us and for her," he said.

Lady Ferndale did not appear at all embarrassed.

"Well," she responded, "that hair of hers and her eyes are simply wonderful, and I'm sure you have nothing in the picture gallery to equal them."

"You are quite right," he assented coldly "we have not."

"Very well, then," she exclaimed triumphantly.

As she spoke Norah re-entered the room, and Lady Ferndale arose with the alacrity of a young woman.

"Come along, my dear," she said. "You have just come in time to prevent your father and me from quarrelling. Never mind what it was about. We generally manage to quarrel over something, don't we, Lord Arrowdale?"

The earl smiled as if the idea were too absurd.

"To quarrel with Lady Ferndale one must be an utter barbarian!" he responded readily.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GENTLEMEN, what is your verdict?" asked his honor, in a Western court-room. "Wal," responded the foreman of the jury, "leven on us wants to hang the prisoner, but the twelfth man sticks to it he ain't guilty, spite of all we can say; so bein' as the twelfth man is a no-account feller, anyway, in order to make the verdict unanimous, we've concluded to hang 'em both."

MINUTES.

BY J. C. HAMILTON.

A minute! Enough for a meeting,
For the magic of a look,
For lifting the veil from a picture,
For opening the leaves of a book.

A minute! Enough for rapture,
For a telegram of joy,
For the union of souls together
And bliss without alloy.

A minute! Enough for sunrise,
For the dawning of the day,
For the mists to glide from the mountains
And darkness to fade away.

A minute! Enough for heaven
To shine on the startled soul,
For the angels' song of welcome
As the golden gate unroll.

Poor Minnie.

BY HILDA ROLF.

I AM UTTERLY and supremely happy now; but for the first twenty-one years of my life, I was one of the most miserable beings on God's earth. It was not that I lacked sound health or material comforts o any sort. I stood fourth in a large family, and as long as my father lived, we were sure of comparative affluence. We led an easy well-to-do life in a large country house, with all the surroundings which usually go to make up childhood's Paradise.

No! My woes arose from purely personal causes—namely, my extreme ugliness. Now, I am quite sure in thus revealing the nature of my misery, I fail to elicit one spark of sympathy from any one!

You will all exclaim that the misery was entirely of my own making, that I was very ungrateful to Providence for the many solid blessings I enjoyed, and had no business to repine, because I had been denied beauty, which often proves a temptation to indulge in vanity, frivolity, etc.

You will echo the host of excellent people, who have written goody-goody little stories to prove that "Beauty is but skin deep," that it is better to be good than pretty, and who always make virtue in the person of the plain girl, triumph over her better-favored rival.

Well! I daresay they all mean well, but they are wrong—totally wrong.

Probably they have not suffered from ugliness in their own cases, and are not in a position to give judgment, as I am; and I emphatically assert that to be the ugly one in a large family of good-looking children, amounts to a positive affliction.

Why need I harrow my soul by giving a minute description of my ugliness?

Suffice it to say, my features and complexion were of the porcine type, my hair of the hue usually stigmatized as "carroty," and perfectly lank and straight.

I felt all through my youth that the brand of Cain was upon me, and that through no fault of my own I was separated from my fellows.

My earliest recollection is of my small brother Tommy being severely reprimanded by the governess for calling me "Piggywiggy." "It is the truth that offends." There would have been no sting in it had he called me a donkey.

I am sure my parents meant to be kind and just, yet even they unconsciously made me feel there was a great gulf fixed between me and my brethern. Often on the occasion of a dinner-party at home have I heard my mother give directions for Miss Mary and Miss Grace to be dressed to appear at dessert, and then she would add, looking at me, that Miss Minnie was rather too young, and had better go to bed. "Too young!" I was always "too young," to go down to dessert until I was too old! Poor mother!

Perhaps it was too much to expect of her, when Mary and Grace were so pretty, that she should show me to her friends: it might have placed the friends in an awkward position too.

How could they exclaim of me as they did of my sisters, "What little darlings!" "How pretty they are!"

They could not even say I was an intelligent looking child, for of necessity the outline of my feature gave me a semi-idiotic appearance! I was fully conscious, too, that in the matter of dress I was very much inferior to Mary and Grace: still deeply as I felt the slur, candor obliged me to acknowledge there was not much use in giving me a velvet frock, when I was never allowed to see visitors, and rarely went beyond my father's grounds save to church, and even there I was relegated to a pew far back in the church with the nurse, Tommy, Boo-boo and Tots, while all the others sat in front with my father and mother.

I was naturally a very shy child, and as my company was rarely sought for by the others, I passed much of my time alone in a little world of my own.

I had an active and inquiring mind, and a keen power of observation; and in the matter of books, I was voracious, all-devouring—they were my friends, my companions: they talked to me, amused me, but never by look, word, or deed, did they show they were conscious of my ugliness, and in so far, they were vastly superior to all human beings.

I think I must have been about thirteen or fourteen when the thoughts of what my future career was likely to be began to harass me.

These thoughts were the result of a conversation I overheard between my mother and my aunt, who was staying with us.

I was perched one afternoon in my favorite seat in the old walnut tree, when the two came walking slowly towards me, in earnest conversation, I heard my aunt say:

"Yes, poor Minnie is certainly the plainest girl I ever saw."

"I sometimes get anxious about her future," went on my mother, "what she will do with her life. Of course, all social success and marriage are cut off from her, and I should be very glad if she would take to something or other. Indeed, it may be necessary for her to do so; for when we are gone, there will be only $500 a year each for the girls; the others are sure to marry, but poor Minnie may have to help herself."

"Has she any tastes for schools and parish work?" asked my aunt. "I should encourage her to become a Sister of Mercy."

"I don't think so," replied my mother, "she is young yet. We will wait and see if she develops any tastes."

They passed on, but I had heard enough to set me thinking for the next three years, and at the end of that time I began to feel as if fate was beginning to shape my course—not towards a sisterhood!

People are very fond of relegating the ugly and disappointed ones to those institutions, but I had no liking for the life.

No, the governess had discovered that I had the promise of a fine voice, and I availed myself of the instruction given by a good singing-master in the nearest town.

He came three times a week, and he thought so highly of my voice, that he told my father, that in two or three years I ought to be taken to London, and have the benefit of the very best instruction.

My father gave me a piano in my own room, so that my incessant practice might not annoy the others, and I studied music earnestly and diligently, with a view of making it my profession.

I knew I was heavily handicapped by my sensitiveness on the subject of my face, and it would cost me a great effort ever to sing in public.

Still the working hard, with an aim, made me feel happier and better than heretofore.

The arrival of my cousin Cattie to live with us did not add to the harmony of our household.

She was left an orphan, and my good-natured father offered her a home.

She was very pretty, but very deep and scheming, with a keen eye to the interests of No. 1, and a sly underhand way of arriving at her object.

She made us quite understand that she should accept our hospitality for as short a time as possible, as she intended setting up in life on the first eligible opportunity.

She could not bear me (I sometimes told her a home truth), and used always to speak of me as "Poor Minnie" in a way which irritated me excessively.

However, I was to go to London next year, so I would try and keep the peace while we were under the same roof, and I avoided her as much as possible, living in my own room, where I sang and read.

I think Cattie was disappointed when she saw how very few "eligible opportunities" our neighborhood afforded, but after she had been with us six months, there did seem to be a chance for her.

The son of a dear friend of my father's was coming to stay with us. Cattie heard with delight that he was a baronet, and very wealthy.

She did not care about his age, but my father said he was thirty, and stone blind since he had had the scarlet fever.

I think Cattie was not quite able to make up her mind whether that was an advantage in a husband or not, but she was willing to waive the matter, and it was an open secret in our house that Cattie intended to set her cap at him.

Ah, what a grand strong patient endurance there was in his face!

Cattie, with her love of dress, flirting, and gaiety, was the last woman in the world to suit him, and I hoped he might escape her toils.

She read to him, led him about, played valses to him, talked to him in the most persevering way; but astute as she was, one day she made a false move.

She left him alone in the verandah, just outside the drawing-room window, and I came into the drawing room and sang. I thought I was all alone, and I never sang better in my life.

Sir Hugh left his chair, and groped his way into the room. He asked me my name and why I had not sung before. He said I had given him the keenest pleasure he had known since he had lost his sight, and hoped I would often sing to him again.

We talked and sang for another hour. I did not feel that nervous awkwardness in his presence that I did with others, for I knew he could feel no repulsion to me on account of my ugliness; so my shyness all vanished, and I talked freely, as I had never talked to anyone before.

That evening, I was reading in the snug arbor at the end of the terrace, when I became conscious of Sir Hugh and Cattie walking on the gravel path in front of me. They sat down on a bench outside the library window, and I heard Sir Hugh say:

"She gave me the truest and purest pleasure. The memory of it will last me my life time. Such a voice as your cousin has is a grand and glorious gift. She has the power of stirring one's best and noblest feelings. I wonder you never told me of it. I found it out by accident."

I could see Cattie's pretty face clouded vexation while she viciously plucked a poor rose to pieces, petal by petal. She evidently did not like to hear how much my voice had impressed Sir Hugh.

"But I did tell you she sang," she said, "the first evening you came."

"Yes, you did, casually, and I expected to hear one of Claribel's songs given in true boarding-house style. You never told me you had a vocal giant among you, though."

"Well, you see," said Cattie, "she is my cousin, and it sounds vain to praise one's relations too much. Poor Minnie!"

"Why do you call her 'Poor Minnie?'" he asked. "Lucky, enviable Minnie, I should say."

"Ah, of course you don't know, but she is so very plain, that one can't help pitying her."

"Plain, is she?" said Sir Hugh, musingly. "Can you describe her face?"

"I could in one word," tittered Cattie, "only it is too dreadful."

"Brevity is the soul of wit," he answered, "so you had better say the word."

"Well, she is just like a pig."

I was in a most distressing position, fulfilling the old adage that "listeners never hear any good of themselves."

I did not join them when they first came down the terrace, as I knew Cattie wished for undivided possession of Sir Hugh, both then and for life. And now I could not escape, I was in a "cul-de-sac."

What a tableau if I had walked out just after Cattie had announced I was like a pig.

"A pig," echoed Sir Hugh, and then there was a few minutes' silence.

"As poor Minnie is so plain, it is very lucky she has such a voice," said Cattie at last.

"Yes? Why?"

"Oh! because when anything happens to my uncle, the girls will not be left well off, and then Minnie can teach."

"Oh! I see," said Sir Hugh, "and the others?"

"They are sure to marry well, they are so pretty," said Cattie.

"You are so graphic, Miss Cattie. I never realized before what a good marketable thing beauty is: it entitles its possessors to live on the work of others, while the plain ones must work for themselves."

Did I detect a little satire in his tone? I suppose Cattie did, for she said nothing, and he went on:

"And you? What is to become of you?"

Cattie heaved a deep sigh, and murmured:

"Ah! I wish I knew! how I wish I could teach something, that I need not feel I am dependent on my uncle; but, alas! I have no vocation."

"Do you think you could feel it your vocation to be the idolized wife of some man who admired and indulged you, and who could surround you with all the luxuries that wealth can give (which I feel sure you can appreciate to the full), and who would ask no other return from you than that you should always look beautiful, and well dressed, and make his house attractive to a circle of fashionable and admiring friends; would that life suit you? Could you give yourself to such an one?"

He could not see the quick flush and the assured look of triumph which blazed forth into Cattie's face, she did not see the quiet smile that came into his.

"Oh! I could be so happy with all that," she exclaimed.

"I believe you could. Well! I hope you will some day find a man, who is willing to give so much and to receive so little."

What a sentence to hear, instead of the proposal she felt sure was hovering on his lips!

Cattie's face was a study, the triumph gave place to an anxious questioning look, which in its turn gave way to blank disappointment and a mortified quiver of her mouth, which made me feel sorry for her, though she had give me so little cause to love her.

Sir Hugh evidently saw through her! He saw that wealth and an establishment were more to Cattie than the man who gave them could ever be.

Oh! why had she let him see it all so plainly? Where was her pride?

Perhaps he thought he had been a little hard on her, for her continued silence was so unlike her, and after a few minutes he said:

"You have been very kind to me, since I came here, in taking me about, and reading to me. I hope some day to show you my appreciation of it. I hope you will come and stay at Crosbie Manor, and then I can give you some hunting, you are fond of that?"

"Yes, very," said poor Cattie.

"We must wait till I am married though, for I have no sister or mother to play propriety."

"And are you going to be married?" she asked quickly.

"I hope so, some day," answered Sir Hugh, gravely, "though I am blind, I have my dreams; perhaps they are quieter and more domestic than yours may be; but then you must remember my blindness has made a steady old man of me before my time. It is getting chilly, shall we go in now? perhaps your cousin will sing to us."

As I watched their receding figures, I felt heartily ashamed at having played the eavesdropper, all involuntarily though it was, and I flew round the house, and entered by the kitchen door, and was in the drawing-room full two minutes before Cattie and Sir Hugh sauntered in and asked me to sing.

Somehow I sang a great deal to Sir Hugh after that evening, and I can't tell how it came about, or when it began—who can?

"Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?

The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space
Then turn, and, lo! 'tis there."

I turned and looked into my heart, and then I knew that I loved Sir Hugh with a fervor and intensity that astonished myself.

It wrs not to be wondered at. He was the first human being I had ever seen, who talked to me and listened to me without a tinge of the pitying contempt all the rest of the world felt for me.

He was kinder to me than father, mother, sisters had ever been, for he seemed to think I had as good a right to have my opinions, and to utter them as the rest of the world.

His friendship was the first ray of sunshine that had brightened my hitherto chill grey life. Could I do otherwise than make him my hero, and worship him with the fervor of a med eval saint?

Pray, kind reader, do not fancy that my love caused me to build any castles in the air.

That any man should ever love me seemed as unlikely a contingency as that the man in the moon should offer me his far famed green cheese, so that it could hardly be said I was suffering from the pangs of disappointed love for the few days which intervened between my discovery that I loved him, and the blessed and glorious one on which he told me I was his heart's darling, his singing-bird. How I remember every trifling circumstance of that happy day!

It was after lunch, and I was perched in my walnut tree. I thought Sir Hugh had gone for a drive with my mother and Cattie.

I had been singing to him all morning, and my heart was very glad, so my fingers flew over my work, I sang song after song, till the very birds wondered what rival had come among them. I raised my eyes a

moment, and saw his dear form coming towards me.

"Minnie," he exclaimed, "I can hear you singing. Where are you? Come and fetch me to your retreat."

I jumped down, and ran towards him, and he told me that he had not gone for a drive, as he wanted to see me alone. He had much to say to me. Surely, reader, you will not expect me to tell you the very words in which he asked me to be his wife?

Not that I forget them, that were impossible; they are engraven on my heart, but that I hold them too sacred to be written down for anyone's delectation, and I think all true women will feel with me.

I knew by the long evening shadows which the trees threw on the ground that we must have sat a long time on the grass beneath the walnut tree, and as we rose to return to the house, it flashed on me that perhaps it was my duty to tell Hugh how ugly I was, and asked him whether he had seriously considered what his friends would think of his giving such a plain mistress to Crosbie Manor.

He laughed a ringing laugh, and said:

"Oh, my little woman, you are not serious, are you? Don't you know that if you had not been plain, I should never have plucked up courage to ask you to marry me? What should I do with a gay, pretty, and fashionable wife? She would not be content with me and my quiet life at Crosbie Manor, and our lives would drift asunder. I first loved you for your voice, and then, as I knew you better, for yourself. And I saw how things were at home, that you are not very happy, and I thought if I could only win my singing-bird, both our lives would be fuller and richer in happiness. If you had been like your sisters, or Cattie, I should never have loved you, but you are so quaint, so different to other people."

"Yes, I am different to other people, there's no question about that."

"Minnie, shall I ever cure you of this over sensitiveness?"

"Hugh," I said, "I know it sounds wicked to say so, but it is the greatest comfort to me that you are blind."

"It may be," he answered gravely, "there is a happier future in store for me with you, than would have been my lot if I had not lost my sight. Some of our greatest blessings come in disguise, little one."

On reaching the house, Hugh went to my father's study to seek his consent to our marriage, and I went upstairs.

As I passed Grace and Mary's room, they called to me to come in, and I found them and Cattie very busy trying on a boxful of hats which had just arrived from London.

"Cattie can't decide which is the most becoming," said Grace, "but as I tell her, she must find some other means than "hats," to complete Sir Hugh's subjation. It must be an awful thing not to know pretty things from ugly ones."

"Sometimes it is an advantage," I remarked.

"Yes," chimed in Mary, "as looks are wasted on him, he might just as well marry Minnie as Cattie."

"I am very sure he will never do that," said Cattie, with considerable emphasis.

"I hate men who take such a time about it," said Grace. "If he ever means to marry you, why does he not say so at once?"

"We are great friends," said Cattie, sententiously, "and so, of course, I know more about him than any of you do, and he has given me to understand he has some sort of an engagement. He said he had his dreams, and hoped to be married some day."

"Yes," I said, my heart beating so I could scarcely speak, "when he told you that, he was alluding to me, and now we are engaged."

Talk of bomb shells! If twenty of them had burst in that room, they would not have caused half the astonishment that my news did. I began to fear that the three girl's mouths would never close.

"You!" they screamed in various tones of unbelief.

"Yes, even me," I said, in a somewhat annoyed tone. "Really your scepticism on the subject is not flattering to my veracity or my vanity."

"Well, as he is stone blind, vanity has nothing to do with it it," retorted Cattie. "I suppose you wormed your way into his good graces by singing to him so perpetually."

"Cattie, you have no right to put it in that way. I never sought his society, or sang to him unless he requested me to do so. And I will tell you one thing for your comfort. He fully believes you are all very pretty, but he says a pretty wife would not have suited him and I think he is quite right. I think you need not grudge me my happiness; it is the first time in my life that my pig's face has brought me anything but humiliation and unhappiness."

And having made my little speech with, as I thought, considerable dignity, I left them, and went to my room.

* * * * * * *

And now, as I am writing, Hugh and I have been married six years. And what years of unmixed happiness and joy they have been to both of us! Surely, there is no more blissful wife than I am, in all the world!

And, strange as it may sound, the secret source of my joy lies in the fact that my husband has never seen me.

As I sing to him in the long summer evening's twilight, or on the cosy fire-lit winter ones, and he turns his face towards whence comes the sound he loves best in all the world, and his dear sightless eyes have a look in them as though they would fain pierce the darkness, and look upon my face, I know he cannot, and for our love's sake, I am glad.

Who knows whether, could he once see my ugliness, his love could stand the sight which has repelled every other human being I ever came across?

Ah, my Hugh, you often tell me you hardly wish for sight now, that I am your eyes, your all in all, that we have no thoughts and pursuits but what are shared, and that our companionship is far closer than it could ever be, could you travel, read, see for yourself.

I am not so shy and sensitive as I used to be.

My position as Hugh's wife secures me the respect of all my neighbors, and when my sisters and Cattie come to see me, though they cannot think me any better looking than heretofore, they do not snub me and taunt me as they used to do.

Indeed, they pay me a deference which quite astonishes me.

Need I go on? I have heard it said that there is nothing to tell of perfect happiness, that it is out of the troubles of life that stories are made.

If so, it is high time I took leave of you, kind readers, with the heartiest wish that each and all of you may live to taste such bliss as mine.

OSTRICH FARMING.

THERE IS no difficulty in starting an ostrich farm in South Africa, no more than in keeping fowls here. You buy a pair of breeders, or a couple of pairs, or a hundred pairs if you like, as they are regular articles of trade.

They begin to breed at four years, and go on indefinitely, improving with age. These will cost, or would cost a few years ago, $250 apiece.

If however, you have land but no capital to lay out, you can go "halves"—i. e., a capitalist finds the birds, you keep and tend them, and the receipts are divided equally.

But first of all, you must know if your land is suitable. Not all South Africa is fit for the ostrich. What is necessary is a hot, dry climate, and level, sandy ground.

The wild bird is still to be found in Damavar Land, Namaqua Land, and the Kalihari Desert; but outside these districts the bird thrives under domestication, which has this advantage, that they have not to wander over a large area in search of food, and when this is the case they become very tame.

Our beginner, has, of course, got his paddock ready for his pair. If he wants the minimum of risk he takes care that his fences are in perfect order; this is the first importance, it stops wandering and fighting with other cocks.

Wire is the very best; although it is expensive in the first cost it lasts a long time, and stakes, hedges, and ditches are really more expensive in the long run, as they entail such a lot of repairs and looking after.

The wire should not be much, if at all, less than five feet high, for it then catches the ostrich above the bend of the neck, and stops it getting over.

A great point is to get guaranteed breeders, who have already had a nest or nests together, and therefore be trusted to have others in the future.

As to the various dodges, sharp practices, and smart tricks of the trade, we need only say that they are as rife in connection with ostriches as with horses.

It is not difficult to breed and rear and understand either, but when you go into the market to buy and sell you must keep your weather eye open.

And now you have to get your birds home, possibly a long distance. There is nothing to be done but to drive them, and this is easy enough.

You go in front with a bag of mealies which you keep dropping out, and the birds follow picking as they go, and, in this way, on level ground, they can do their twenty and thirty miles a day comfortably.

Better still to have, in addition, a couple of men behind with thorn bushes to help them on and keep them in the track.

All this is very easy, but it is very risky work travelling.

The ostrich is so easily frightened that the least noise or strange sight will send it off at a mad gallop, and then nobody knows what accident may happen to it.

None but the most experienced and steadiest hands should ever be allowed to march with birds.

When one cuts off in a fright a new chum will, as likely as not, sail away after him on horse, and the harder he spurts the faster goes the bird.

An old hand, on the contrary, takes it easy, just keeps it in sight, and ten to one it sobers down in a very short time, for, if left alone, they never go far off.

But the birds have got home; now to business. The pairs are, say, five years old, and have had experience of nesting.

Left to themselves, the male scratches up the earth with his legs, throws it behind him, and, working round roughly in a circle, makes a heap say a foot high, and three to four broad.

On this the hen lays an egg every alternate day, for about twenty days, then she stops for from four to ten days, and then starts again on the same plan, making the total to thirty or forty eggs, all closely packed.

On these the pair sit alternately, the male, however, doing all the night work, and the first business of the new-comer is to turn every egg one by one so that that part which was next to the earth now receives the full warmth of the sitting bird.

The sitting lasts forty-five to fifty days, and, when the chick is ready to come out, the parent breaks the shell, tears the membrane, and liberates the prisoner, which at first is limp and weak, but soon picks up with the heat and begins to totter about on its long legs.

In about twenty-four hours they begin to peck, and must then be looked after, as ostriches have no sense of parental duty, and will not only not look after their offsprings, but will gobble up all their food if they get a chance.

This is Nature, which persists in going on in the same way as she did when first invented—to save discussion, let us say a very long time ago.

Nowadays, we amend her improve upon her in many ways. This is most plainly shown in the process of artificial incubation.

The causes which led to this practice are obvious. The ostrich egg is very delicate, and will not keep its vitality for more than thirty days.

Now, as the laying lasts a couple of months, it is evident that half of it becomes worthless for sitting and can serve no purpose except as curiosities in bazaars.

It is, therefore, the business of man to provide against this improvident character of Nature and utilise what is wasted by that force. No occasion to go into detail about incubators, the principle is well known.

A full grown male will weigh about three hundred pounds, and a female two hundred and fifty. They are said to live to a very great age—some say one hundred years.

The plucking comes about every nine months, but varies according to locality, and the views of the farmer. Some look more to quality than to quantity, pluck only once a year, as the feathers approach more nearly those of the wild bird, which is the standard of excellence.

It is customary to begin at one year old, but they are better left till the second year.

The produce should be one pound weight made up of fifty quills, and seventy-five to one hundred tail-feathers, classed into tail, wing, breast, and back feathers, for the males, and plain tails, plain wings, spotted tails, spotted wings, breast and back feathers, for the female.

They are sorted in this way, washed in soap and water, passed through starch, dried, packed in boxes, sent to Cape Town, and shipped to the worlds markets.

He is happy whose circumstances suit temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

Scientific and Useful.

LUMINOUS PROJECTILE. — A Russian officer has invented a luminous projectile to be fired from a gun. It is claimed that it will be extremely useful for discovering the movements of an enemy in a naval contest at night.

MEN-OF-WAR.—Admiral Albini, of the Italian navy, says that the man-of-war of the future will have double screws and a helm at each end, so that it can turn around without losing any time. Its sides, he says, will be unarmored.

CASTING IRON.—The Smith Iron Company of Boston has discovered a new method of casting iron, which opens up a wide field. The company has found that pen and ink sketches on common writing paper can be transferred to iron as distinctly as if the mold be of greater size.

DUCK HUNTERS—A boat has been invented for the use of duck hunters, in which the oar is thrust through the middle and bottom in a contrivance not unlike a centreboard. The leverage obtained is enormous, and the inventor claims that a small boy, through the use of his device, can beat a professional oarsman in a shell.

SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.—A new shell, to take the place of all distress signals now used in the marine signalling, such as rockets and firing of minute guns, which involve the loss of much valuable time, has lately appeared. It is intended that the shells shall be distributed about the ship, but particularly kept on the bridge within easy reach of the captain. When he desires to give a signal of distress, instead of losing time in loading and firing a cannon or touching off a rocket, he seizes a shell, pulls the cap off the detonator, scratches the fuminate with the rough edge of the cap, and throws the shell overboard. In twenty-five seconds there is an explosion, and a loud, booming report is heard, while a column of water, flame and smoke shoots up for at least 100 feet in the air. An extra appliance of a rocket is attached to the shell used at night, and this is thrown to a great height by the explosion, and itself explodes in the air. The tin cylinders of the shell then float about on the water, and as they have the name of the ship stamped on them they serve in time of disaster to tell of the ship they came from.

Farm and Garden.

SOLIDS.—Solid manure and dry dirt will hold the liquid manure well. The solid portions absorb large quantities of moisture, and the mixture of solids and liquids improves the quality of both.

DRINKING WATER.—A recently devised French method of testing the purity of drinking water is to put a drop of a solution of permanganate of potash in a glass of water. If the latter becomes yellow, it is not potable; if it remain clear, it may be drunk.

FRUIT.—It has been suggested that fruit-growers have special marks or labels on their fruit-boxes, that customers may know who produced the fruit and from whom to buy. In this manner the fruit-growers who sends choice fruit to market will not be dependent on the failures of his neighbors to properly assort their fruit. Merit and profit should go where they properly belong.

ORCHARDS.—Many orchards are seriously injured by allowing too heavy growth of grass around the stem of the trees. In the majority of cases better health and thrift will be secured if the soil for two or three feet around each tree is kept loose and mellow, stirring frequently if necessary to secure this. At least this will be better than to allow the weeds and grass to use the plant food needed by the trees.

ALL TOGETHER.—Many losses occur in the increase of flocks by yarding sheep, horses, cattle and hogs together. Lambs do not thrive well with hogs, nor do sheep come up to the standard of expectation when trampled on by horses or hooked by cattle. Do not turn a flock of sheep and lambs into a field in spring and leave them there until fall. The chances are that none will be found when the owner calls for them.

SPRAYING.—Those intending to test the different methods of spraying in order to prevent the ravages of the grape rot and other fungus diseases should not overlook the fact that the ground around the vines must be treated first. The ground is the hot-bed of the disease, from which the vines are attacked. The use of lime and other remedies on the ground should begin now and the work continued throughout the entire season.

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Notice.

Our readers are directed to the premium offer of Dickens' or Waverly Novels on another page.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Degradation.

The man of science derives suggestive knowledge from the study of mere putrefaction. He places an infusion of common hay-seeds or meat or fruit in his phials and awaits events; presently a drop from one of the infusions is placed on the field of the microscope, and straightway the economy of a new and strange kingdom is seen by the observer.

The microscopist takes any kind of garbage; he watches the bacteria and their mysterious development, and he reaches at last the most significant conclusions regarding the health and growth and diseases of the highest organizations.

The student of human nature must also bestow his attention on disease of mind if he would attain to any real knowledge of the strange race to which he belongs.

We develop it is true, but there are modes and modes of development. A steady process of degeneration goes on side by side with the unfolding of new and healthy powers in the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The great South American lizards grow strong and splendid in hue amid the rank freedom of pampas or forest; but their poor relatives in the sunless caves of Transylvania grow milky white, flabby and stone-blind.

The creatures in the Kentucky caves are all aborted in some way or other; the birds in far off islands lose the power of flight, and the shriveled wings gradually sink under the skin, and show us only a tiny network of delicate bones when the creature is stripped to the skeleton.

The condor soars magnificently in the thin air over the Andes—it can rise like a kite or drop like a thunderbolt; the weeka of New Zealand can hardly get out of the way of a stick aimed by an active man.

The proud forest giant sucks up the pouring moisture from the great Brazilian river; the shoots that rise under the shadow of the monster tree are weakened and blighted by lack of light and free air.

The same astounding work goes on among the beings who are so haughty in their assumption of the post of creation's lords. The healthy child born of healthy parents grows up amid pure air and pure surroundings; his tissues are nourished by strength-giving food; he lives according to sane rules, and he becomes round-limbed, full-chested and vigorous.

The poor little victim who first sees the light in the noxious alleys of our reeking industrial towns, receives foul air, mere atmospheric garbage, into his lungs; he becomes thin-blooded, his unwholesome pallor witnesses to his weakness of vitality, his muscles are atrophied, and even his hair is ragged, lustreless, ill nurtured. In time he transmits his feebleness to his successors, and we have the creatures who stock our workhouses, hospitals and jails—for moral degradation always accompanies radical degradation of the physique.

So, if we study the larger aspects of society, we find that in all grades we have large numbers of individuals who fall out of the line that is steadfastly progressing, and become stragglers, camp-followers—anything you will.

Let a cool and an unsentimental observer bend himself to the study of degraded human types, and he will learn things that will sicken his heart if he is weak, and strengthen him in his resolve to work gallantly during his span of life if he is strong

Has any one ever fairly tried to face the problem of degradation? Has any one ever learned how it is that a distinct form of mental disease seems to lurk in all sorts of unexpected fastnesses, ready to breathe a numbing and poisonous vapor on those who are not fortified against the moral malaria?

We are not without experience of the fell chances and changes of life; we venture therefore to use some portion of the knowledge that we have gathered in order to help to fortify the weak and make the strong wary.

If you wander on the roads in our country, you are almost sure to meet men whom you instinctively recognize as fallen beings. What their previous estate in life may have been you cannot tell, but you know that there has been a fall, and that you are looking on a moral wreck.

The types are superficially varied, but an essential sameness, not always visible at first sight, connects them and enables you to class them as you would class the specimens in a gallery of a museum.

Now, how does such a man come to be tramping aimlessly on a public road? He does not know that he is going to any place in particular; he is certainly not walking for the sake of health, though he needs health rather badly.

Why is he in this plight? You do not need to wait long for a solution, if the book of human experience has been your study. That man is absolutely certain to begin bewailing his "luck"—it is always "luck."

And whence do all the tramps of our country and town come? The answer is brief, for no particular elaboration is needed. From most painful study we have come to the conclusion that nearly all of our degraded men come to ruin through idleness in the first instance; drink, gambling and other forms of debauch follow, but idleness is the root evil.

The man who begins by saying, "It's a poor heart that never rejoices," or who refers to the danger of making Jack a dull boy, is on a bad road.

Who ever heard of a worker—a real worker—becoming degraded? Worn he may be, and perhaps dull to the influence of beauty and refinement; but there is always some nobleness about him.

The man who gives way to idleness a once prepares his mind as a soil for evil seeds; the universe grows tiresome to him; the life-weariness of the old Romans attacks him in an ignoble form, and he begins to look about for distractions.

Then his idleness, from being perhaps merely amusing, becomes offensive and suspicious; drink takes hold upon him; his moral sense perishes; only the husks of his refinement remain; and by and by you have the slouching wanderer who is good for nothing on earth.

He is despised of men, and, were it not that we know the inexhaustible bounty of the Everlasting Pity, we might almost think that he was forgotten of Heaven.

Stand against idleness. Anything that age, aches, penury, hard trial may inflict on the soul is trifling. Idleness is the great evil which leads to all others. Therefore work while it is day.

FAITH, master motive of the human mind, is to its possessor a great blessing or a great calamity. The man of true faith is an invincible hero; of false faith, a dangerous fanatic; and the man of no faith, a nullity. The principle of faith is the motive power which propels the world in its great career By faith man worships and serves his God—aggrandizes or destroys himself—blesses or blasts the world. By faith we at night repose in confident security; and by day engage in our diversified avocations. Whether we partake of food or medicines, faith assures us that we shall not be poisoned If we abide at home, faith protects us from fear of invasion or assault; and when we depart abroad, our journey is preserved from utter terror by faith in the docility of animals, the strength of materials, and the integrity of our companions. Were it not for an unquestioning faith, human progress would be an intolerable burden.

THERE are few expressions we hear more frequently than the feeble wail of the cowardly or lazy mind, "I can't!" Every day we see people who permit their progress to be stopped by trifles which, instead of retarding them, should spur every faculty up to the resistive conquering point. "I can't" and "I forgot" are two fatal phrases which should be scratched from the vocabulary of every young man or woman who is ambitious of being or doing anything in this world that shall deserve to be recorded.

CUSTOM is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority; but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power so much as to lift up our eyes.

SELFISHNESS assumes many forms, and in every one of them may be found the desire to grasp some fancied means of happiness, even at the expense of others. Many things, innocently pleasurable in themselves when they come to us in a rightful and natural manner, turn into guilty and fraudulent possessions when sought and gained through the losses or pain of others.

THE moral cement of society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys The good may well be termed the salt of the earth; for where there is no integrity there can be no confidence, and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity.

THERE are afflictions that must be wrestled with in secret, or they will triumph over manhood; and there are even joys with which no stranger may intermeddle.

OUR minds are as different as our faces. We are all traveling to one destination—happiness—though few are going by the same road.

THE readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living.

IT is only through some faults and mistakes that most of us rise to our best and final character.

The World's Happenings.

Children are punished for coughing in school in Brooklyn.

Water for baptismal purposes is imported from the Holy Land.

A hotel has been established at the foot of the Great Pyramid in Egypt.

There are 5 New Yorks, 9 Philadelphias, and 12 Bostons in the United States.

"Two feet of shine for five cents," is the way a West Chester bootblack puts it.

Mr. Gladstone has but one bodily infirmity at 80 years of age—he is slightly deaf.

Mr Greville Walpole, of London, says that the earth weighs about 5,874,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

Paemillier Broussard, of Louisiana, aged 91 years, has just married a lady somewhat over 50. It is his second marriage.

An elderly woman of Sandwich, N. H., recently shot a deer near that town and supplied all her relatives with venison.

An English traveling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp.

A German in St. Louis who on a wager of half a dollar drank a beer glass of gin and seven glasses of whisky less than an hour after, was found dead in bed.

Two boys of La Harpe, Ill., engaged in a banana-eating contest. One of them ate sixteen and a half; the other closed with sixteen, and is now under a physician's care.

At Buda Peath recently two men met to fight a duel to the death. The distance was 25 paces, and each man was to have six shots. Neither party managed to hit the other in that time, and the affair was abandoned in disgust.

A baby at South Hingham, Mass., has eleven living grandparents, viz.: Two own grandfathers and two grandmothers, and seven great-grandparents. Its chances of being a "spoiled darling" are as eleven to one.

It came out in an English Court a few weeks ago that 100 worn-out horses had just been shipped from that country to Germany and Belgium, to be used in the manufacture of sausage, and that such shipments were a regular thing.

The home and office furniture owned by Abraham Lincoln has been purchased by a firm in Chicago and is now on exhibition there. The only office desk he owned is there. It is a plain table surmounted by an old-fashioned bookcase, with the first law books Lincoln read.

A fox driven by the hounds in a recent hunt upon the estate of Lord Granville at Walmer Castle bolted right before Lord Granville's eyes through the hall of the castle and into the drawing-room, with the hounds in full cry after him. They ran him down and killed him in front of the mantelpiece.

The English army and navy is being outraged by the sight of men in the uniform of the highest officers parading about the streets of London at the head of processions of sandwich men advertising soap, and it is found that there is no law to prevent any one from wearing any uniform except that of a policeman.

Up in Alpena county, Mich., there is trouble brewing for somebody. A school district in Alpena township which had a school house got up the other morning to find it gone, and an adjacent district, which had none, now has one which bears a strong resemblance to the one the first mentioned district used to have.

"Muzzle stealing" has become a regularly established branch of roguery in Great Britain since the promulgation of the recent ordinance compelling all dogs to go muzzled. The worst of the matter is that the dogs, being delighted to get rid of their muzzles, aid and abet the thieves in the perpetration of the robbery.

Charles Ness, of Searsmont, Me., who was partially blind for 25 years from a fall received during the war, fell while carrying a pail of milk into the house, one day recently, and again struck the back of his head heavily on the ice. Strange to say, his eye sight has been restored, and now he can read as well as before the first accident.

A young couple of Brady sville, Ohio, were married twice in two days. They ran away from home on account of the objections of their parents, and were married by a 'Squire at Aberdeen, Ohio, but, fearing the marriage was illegal, they returned home, and the next morning the ceremony was again performed by a local 'Squire.

Some days ago, it is said, a Cincinnati man, being undecided about getting married, resolved to settle the matter by tossing a cent. It was "heads, I marry; tails, I do not," and the coin fell on the floor with head up each time it was thrown. Thereupon he procured the assistance of a friend, who got a 'Squire, and the knot was tied.

A Wisconsin lumber firm employs 90 men the year round. On pay-days each man's name was put down with the amount of his wages set opposite, and one of the firm added up the figures, or assumed to do so For seven years the bookkeeper added $100 extra to the footing, and his game might not have been discovered yet but for a school-boy 10 years old, who accidentally run over the figures one day.

A farmer in Ludington, Mich., owns a pig which is a marvel in its way. "The animal is of the razor-back variety, fleet as a greyhound, and its peculiar usefulness lies in its ability and skill as a rabbit hunter. The pig always follows its owner on his rabbit shooting trips and will chase the game with as keen a scent and round it up within gunshot with as much skill as any dog a hunter ever shot over."

A delirious patient in a Boston hospital got up in the night while the nurse was out, and going to each cot inquired what the inmate wanted to drink. Some answered him and some did not, but he paid no attention to that. Going to the table in the middle of the room he rapped loudly, and then, as the frightened nurse came running in, he called out with emphatic generosity: "Eight beers, and look lively."

FAREWELL, SWEET DREAMS!

BY T. L.

Farewell, farewell, bright dreams of love!
For broken is your golden spell;
Since one so fair can faithless prove,
Farewell, bright dreams, farewell!

No more can ye enchant my soul,
While listening to your siren voice,
No more, beneath your sweet control,
Can this poor heart rejoice.

Since she ye lured me on to love
Has proved as false as she is fair,
Wherever I may chance to rove,
No more can ye ensnare.

A True Love's Knot.

BY E G SIMPSON.

"YOU shouldn't peep in at windows, Chris!"

"It's too splendid!" said the girl.

"Mamma, you can't resist such a tableau vivant"

Evidently Mrs. Annesley could not, being fairly young, and of a fun-loving nature; she had left her seat in the lawn under the drooping acacia, and stole up to her daughters side, in a view of the big bow-window that belonged to her own dining-room.

The tableau vivant inside was rather a pretty one. Against a dark background formed by polished oak mantelpiece and formed by sombre oil paintings, stood a pale blue dress.

She had her hands clasped before her, and her pretty face, with its melting blue eyes, was all aglow with some feeling that quite transfigured it.

Her eyes were bent on the other person in the room, a tall, broad-shouldered, young man, who was dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant in a line regiment, and who was pacing down the floor in measured steps, executing some martial manœuvres with his sword meanwhile.

He dropped it very suddenly as he came near to the window and caught a glimpse of the two laughing faces outside, and he blushed violently that his face almost rivalled the hue of his tunic.

"It is too bad of us, Chris," said Mrs. Annesley, withdrawing hurriedly.

"He is showing Patience how he looks in uniform, that's all," said Chris. "It would be too bad for her to go away without seeing him in it. Oh, mamma, isn't it deliciously romantic?"

"Foolish and annoying in the extreme," said Mrs. Annesley, though her cheek dimpled as she spoke. "Don't laugh, Chris, I am in terror of what Mr. Cotterill will say. Here we have had Patience with us only three weeks, and she has contrived to fall in love and get engaged——"

"Not really absolutely engaged, mamma. They mean to ask Mr. Cotterill's consent. Jack is sure to get an extension of leave, and Patience will put it so nicely to her father; then he'll allow Jack to go and see her, and it will all end like a story book.

"Still," said Mrs. Annesley, "I wish he had waited till she got home. I must go and hurry her now, break into the tete-a-tete—for she must go to-day."

"I can't understand her having no letter from home. Certainly some may be following; you said you didn't; call at the post-office at Ostend."

"No; but they expect Patience at once, I know. Mr. Cotterill would have written if she were to prolong her visit. Has Jack had time to retire?"

He had. When Mrs. Annesley opened the dining room door, which she did with much preliminary shuffling, she found only one of the performers in the tableau present.

Patience was standing by the window now looking out intently on the swaying trees, and flower beds clothed in sunshine.

"Has my graceless nephew gone?" asked the elder lady. Then she put her arm round the girl's waist and kissed her. After all it was very sweet, this earnest rehearsal of the old, old story, and the lovers were both so young and hopeful—and why, as Chris said, should it not end happily?

Nevertheless Mrs. Annesley sighed, simply because the future is always uncertain, and she had a mother's love for the motherless girl beside her.

"My dear," she said, "I am sorry to let you go, but we must be true to our bargain, and return you now that our foreign trip is over. If your father complains that we showed you too much, why he will remember that the 'charmed portal' must fall back for us each to enter once in a lifetime."

Patience smiled. It had all been so like a delicious dream, those weeks of wandering in an enchanted land, for the prince out of the fairy tales for her cicerone.

When Jack Annesley had joined them during his summer leave, it seemed at first only as if everything grew more beautiful in this world of sunshine and fair scenes.

Then, before they knew how it happened, the crisis came, just on the day they returned to England, the day before Jack must rejoin his regiment, and Patience hurry to her home in the north, according to a peremptory command laid down by Mr. Cotterill at the beginning of the tour.

He was a man of so few words, and his daughter was trained in such utter obedience, that it never occurred to her to postpone her departure, nor to wonder that she received no reminder of her expected arrival.

She made her faithful compact with her lover. She was to inform her parent how matters stood, and Jack was to "run down north" at the shortest interval consistent with duty.

He came back as Mrs. Annesley stood talking, his dress changed to one of sober hue and severe simplicity, but he blushed again and laughed as he met his aunt's eye.

"She bothered me so to put it on," he said. "She wanted to see how I looked, and if I could draw my sword! I wouldn't have done it for any one else."

"We know that," said Mrs. Annesley.

An hour or two later the lovers had parted, and the cool swift train was bearing Patience away, but in spite of all the tugging at her heart she was happy with a strange sweet happiness.

Had she not promised to love him—and him alone—all the days of her life? It seemed such an easy promise to make, and the path looked clear ahead.

Her father was peculiar, but indulgent; everything must be possible to such love as theirs.

And so the long journey passed like a dream; she looked out of the window, but her happy eyes were seeing other visions than those of the trees and hedges and towns fleeting by; and at last she was at home, at the familiar little roadside station, where herself and her trunks were well-known objects, and the faces of the station-master and the solitary porter were as the faces of friends.

It was curious that the portly station-master should hurry forward with a certain rapeutful pity in his air that she was too absorbed to notice.

It was more curious (and she awoke from her reverie to notice this) that there should be a face peering out of the window of her father's brougham, a woe-begone face that stirred in her face at once feelings of intense alarm.

She got into the carriage hurriedly.

"What is the matter, Stratton?" she said.

"Oh, Miss Patience! My dear! my dear! don't you know?" said the woman. "And you in your colored dress and all!"

"My colored—dress!" gasped Patience She seemed to take in a gasp—the black garments of the maid—the woe-begone face, the terrible mystery that hung around her arrival.

Patience, had read a foolish little novel, called "From Gloom to Sunlight," during her summer tour.

She found its title floating in her head now—only she was reversing the words.

"From Sunlight to Gloom," she seemed to be murmuring to herself as the carriage rolled along. The earth seemed to have become suddenly darkened. It was a warm evening, but she shivered violently, and that dreary voice was going on at her ear, speaking words of coherence, but surely it was untrue—this statement the maid was making as to her father's death.

She had missed her letters, she had had no news from home for a good many days, but it was a rare occurence for Mr. Cotterill to put pen to paper.

She heard, almost without comprehending, how Stratton had written, and Dr. Snaresbrook—who was there to the last—had written, and how they'd wondered not to receive any other communication than a brief happy little letter announcing her home-coming.

Jack had been beside her when she wrote it; his impatient presence had caused brevity.

That and the feeling that her heart was too full to pour out its thoughts in words, and besides, he had not spoken then.

All this confused medley of memory—of Jack, and the letter, and the lawn at the Manor, which was flooded with sunlight, and the parting and the journey—and then this crashing weight, this horrible nightmare of pain.

When the carriage drew up at the house amid that strange silence that falls on close-shrouded casements, she felt as if she was too stupefied to speak.

She was conscious only that gentle hands helped her to alight, and a low-toned manly voice made some pitying remark. It sounded like "My poor Patience!" And it was uttered so tenderly that it broke in on her dull ears.

Then she was led into a room where there was tea, and Stratton took off her things while Dr. Snaresbrook—the owner of that kind voice, and a well-known friend—made her drink a cup of tea, and spoke now and again a word of sympathy.

It was all so dream-like. Her mind did not seem to recover its thinking faculties at all, until some hours were passed, until after she had been upstairs, and kissed the cold brow that was covered with a white cloth, and looked at the inanimate form, into whose living ear she had meditated pouring her tale of youthful love,

The shock of it all seemed to throw that quite in the background. It was only when she broke down and a terrible fit of weeping had prostrated her that she was able to recall the beautiful hope that she could turn to for comfort,

Once recollected, it seemed natural to cling to it.

Jack would help her: Jack would come to her in this sudden blinding sorrow, and she would not be alone.

And so at last she fell asleep, and in her dreams was carried back to the sunny garden, under the shadows of whose over arching trees her lover was standing to greet her.

In the morning she was calm enough to ask Stratton a few questions. The illness had been awfully sudden, the maid said, and Mr. Cotterill knew he was dying. He knew also that he could not hope to linger, until his daughter reached his side.

He had left a letter for her, a letter that he had written with much pain and difficulty, and that must contain something very important, he was so bent on writing it.

Dr. Snaresbrook had told her to give the letter to her young mistress when she awoke. It was here now beside her.

Patience took it feverishly. She had been wishing so ardently that she had found courage to give one hint in her letter, the last letter he had received from her, about the new joy that had fallen to her lot. Perhaps this letter was to bewail her desolate condition; he would have been comforted to know that she had found —Jack.

She opened the letter slowly: there was a strange odor about it, that mingling of perfumes peculiar to a sick room, and then she read:—

"My dear Daughter,—You will receive this letter after my death. I have no space or strength to speak in it of my love for you or to inscribe a farewell. What I write must be short—you will see that it is of moment to your welfare. I am content to die, but I have one care in my mind, that is your future, and God in His goodness has shown me a way of providing for you. Dr. Snaresbrook is everything I could desire as a son, and he loves you with a manly affection. I will leave him to plead his own cause, only laying it upon you as my last injunction that you do not refuse him. I know that your heart is free, and therefore I lay this command on you, knowing that so far as earthly welcome is concerned you will be provided for. You must not disappoint me in this matter; a father's dying wishes are sacred, and the world is full of perils."

The letter ended abruptly, the handwriting was almost illegible. Patience laid it down, and sat still, staring before her with great awe-struck eyes.

* * * * * *

"If you please, Miss, Dr. Snaresbrook wishes to know if you will see him?"

It was the day after the funeral, and Patience sat in her room by the open window, silent and motionless, just as she had sat for the past three days. Was it only three days since the blow had fallen? It seemed an eternity.

There seemed to be no possible way of marking out the period of time during which darkness had usurped the place of light.

Those days of sunshine and love and hope seemed far away, almost obliterated by the blank curtain of despair that had closed over the past and future.

She was stunned, not only by the immensity of her trouble, but by its hopelessness.

Life had all of a sudden become a whirling vortex, in which there was no calm, a hopeless conflict between love and duty, a conflict thrice terrible because it was not in the girl's nature to run counter to what she believed her duty, and that command laid on her by her dead father seemed to her one impossible to evade.

She remembered how she had said to Jack that until her father's approval she could only accept his love with timid reluctance; but she knew, with the passionate knowledge of a warm-hearted woman, that she had given hers irrevocably.

When first she read her father's letter she seemed unable to comprehend it. By-and-by, as the hours passed on, her senses cleared, and she began to try and consider what her course must be.

And before the worn-out brain was capable of this there came to her a communication from her lover, which changed again the current of ideas.

She had the letter open now on her lap. She had been gazing at it until ever word of it was imprinted on her memory; most of all the tender words with which it concluded—

"From your own Jack."

Her own two—three days ago, her own true lover; separated from her now by a most terrible barrier. "A father's dying wishes are sacred."

The wish was one there was no appeal against—solemn in its unanswerableness. If it had been a question of pleading against a stern decree, facing even wrath and opposition; but there was nothing to beat against excepting the blank silence of the grave.

Jack's letter was of importance, and was written under stress of great emotion. The shifting, hurrying tide of life had swept in upon his plans and purposes.

A change in that blissful programme he had laid down was inevitable.

By one of the strange chances that control destiny, a letter that should have reached him during his furlough had followed him from place to place, and at last returned to him at his quarters, containing news that, before his receipt, he had learned from his brother officers.

The regiment was under orders for the Soudan; almost all the time allowed for preparation had been consumed during his absence; there was a pressure of duty, prospect of a few days or at most a week's active preparation, and they would embark.

It was absolutely out of the question, that prolongation of leave he had reckoned on so confidently.

He wrote in rather a despairing strain to his newly betrothed, enclosing a letter to be given by her to her father,

"Probably, he will resent my speaking to you under the circumstances," he wrote; "he may even insist on the whole thing being deferred to my return. The fortune of war in this instance hits me hard, my darling."

And then followed some words of manly hope. If there was to be no absolute engagement, as on his side he hardly dared to hope, still she knew that her image would go with him, the sweet assurance of her love would be his guiding star until he could return to comfort her.

"Write to me just a word of comfort," he concluded. "My brother officers think that my furlough has done me no good. I used to be the lightest hearted fellow in the regiment, now I find it hard to think of duty, and if it were not that I know neither time nor absence can change us, should be down-hearted indeed."

As yet she had not written, what could she say? Tell him her father was dead? He immediately conclude that she was free. He would long the more ardently to protect her.

Tell him that she loved him so that no time, nor distance, nor lengthened separation, could affect her constancy; there was her father's dying wish to check the utterance of the words.

So she sat, in a whirl of emotion that left her outwardly impassive, and by and-by Stratton came to her with Dr. Snaresbrook's request.

She went down stairs almost mechanically.

There seemed no room for thought about this matter, any more than about that tiresome one of obeying the injunctions of the servants to eat and drink at stated times

She went down, and the dining-room door being open Dr. Snaresbrook saw her, a ghostly little figure in her trailing black garments.

He made a step forward; it was all he could do to resist the impulse to take her cold hands in both his own and draw her scared white face to his breast.

But he did resist, respecting the sanctity of her loneliness, and having the hope of being able to claim the right he fain would exercise.

Patience shivered a little as she came in; the familiar figure by the fireside, with its erect manly bearing and kindly brown eyes, were presented now under a new aspect.

She had known Dr. Snaresbrook so long; he had been a bright genial influence a ways in her life; until this time she had fancied she liked him. A few short weeks ago the expression of her father's desire that she should marry him would not have seemed so terrible a thing.

He seemed terribly embarrassed how to speak, and she did not help him; but at length he got out an exclamation.

"You know, Patience," he said, "how I grieve for you."

She looked at him with those wistful blue eyes out of which all clear expression seemed to have vanished, leaving behind a tangled labyrinth to which he had no clue.

"It is such an awful shock for you," he said. "If only I could have spared you it by telegraphing; but it was so sudden——"

"It feels," she said at last, "like a dream."

She looked at him as she spoke with an odd strange sensation that perhaps he would be able to tell her it was not real, this dreary nightmare under which she labored.

She fancied there was tears in his eyes; if she had only known it, there was a depth of emotion concealed in that quiet manner which threatened every moment to break down his barrier reserve.

He spoke in a breathless kind of voice soon. "You must not stay here," he said. "My sister bid me ask you if you will come to her—to us—until——"

"Oh, no," said Patience, "I could not come to you."

His face flushed red to the brow.

"You—have read the letter?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," said Patience, "I have read it.

She seemed to be repeating the words mechanically. To her own mind she was conscious of no sensation at all, just a dull blankness through which she could hear his voice.

But her apathy was dispelled next moment, for, with a look of passionate love that made her shrink and tremble, he stepped towards her.

"He thought it right," he said; "he thought it might make it easier to know that he approved. I spoke to him of my love and hopes, because at the point of death his mind was intent on you. I"—he caught his breath quickly. "Ah, Patience, how I love you, it is no sacrilege to speak of it now."

He was near enough to take both her hands in his own. His passionate clasp should surely have made them quiver, the desperate emotion with which his face was working should surely have awakened response in hers.

But she was white still, and passive, and her blue eyes only looked up at him entreatingly, as if unable to read the language of his own.

He tried then to force back his emotion, alarmed by the aspect of her face. He led her gently to a sofa and stood beside her until he was calm. And presently she spoke.

"I read the letter," she said. "I will try and do as he wished; but not yet, not yet. Will you go away please, first, for a long time?"

"Go away," he said blankly, "for a long time? My darling I——"

A little cry of pain intercepted him. Then she broke down and buried her face in both hands and cried despairingly.

For some moments the silence in the room was only broken by the sound of her sobs. When he moved from her side it was to pace to the window and to stand with his face to the glass looking out on the trees and grass all glistening after a heavy rain.

"I suppose I am speaking too soon," he said in a hurried undertone. "She is shaken and unnerved."

When the sobs had ceased he went back; he had made up his mind what to say.

"Look up, dear Patience," he said. "It shall be just as you wish. I will go away, and not speak to you again—yet, since you will bear your grief alone."

"Will you promise me," said the girl, desperately, "not to speak to me for a year?"

"A year?"

"There was no time fixed," she went on. "He—he will know that I should wait—a little; and I shall have time to forget."

He thought he understood, but he was sorely averse to give the promise. The ring of desperation in her voice warned him not to wreck his chances of happiness.

"So be it," he said. "I will wait; desperately as I love you I will promise you whatever you desire. If I may not be near you in trouble——"

Patience rose from her seat on the sofa.

"Then that is settled," she said with a faint smile. "Good-bye—for a year."

She had left the room before he could say more, left him bewildered, almost angry.

"This is a woman's way of receiving comfort," he said. "I am to wait, and break my heart for a year, whilst she mourns the father who left her in my charge to comfort her.

* * * * * *

Towards the end of the year 188- two young men were walking together one afternoon across the dreary waste of sand that lies somewhere in the region of the third cataract on the Nile.

They had left the tents behind them—you could these from afar, like a group of mushrooms glistening in the burning sun—and had strolled to a part of that dreary desert where at least the sight and sound of water might refresh their weary eyes.

"This isn't much like England," said the younger of the two.

"No."

"Is your taste for foreign service satisfied?"

The man addressed, who was in civilian garb, laughed.

"It's a question of passing away the time," he said. "As well this routine as any other. I was lucky to get the chances of coming out."

"And I was unlucky not to get the chances of staying home," said the other.

He wore undress uniform, and, though the scorching sun and hot winds of the desert had baked his skin to a uniform brickish hue, you could recognize the features of the young lieutenant who had figured in the pretty little tableau in Mrs. Annesley's drawing room.

He had not improved in appearance, his face looked thin and strained, and his eyes had a restless eager expression, and his step had lost its elasticity—a fact little to be wondered at considering the kind of life he was leading.

"It's rather strange," he remarked presently, "that you and I have seen so little of each other when we intended to make friends. I suppose it's the heat, and the difficulty in getting one's work, makes it impossible to be so very sociable."

"And I've spent so much of my time at the hospital," said the other gravely.

"Of course. Shall we turn back, and get into my tent for a smoke."

"It might be pleasant, but my own is nearer. Shall we reverse the order?"

"As you please."

So they turned into the nearer of the two mushroom-like erections, and Lieutenant Annesley sank upon a low folding chair with a sigh of relief.

His host busied himself by getting out cigars and cooling drink. There was a little valise on the ground near the couch, which Annesley examined languidly.

"That's a neat little thing," he said, "how does it open? Oh!"

He had touched the spring, and the bag being unlocked it opened rather rapidly, and the contents bulging over were scattered at his feet, a miscellaneous collection of papers, books, and a fairly large plush photograph frame. That fell face-upwards, disclosing the likeness of a very pretty girl whose face was so familiar to him that he started up with a wild exclamation, and stood staring down upon it.

Dr. Snaresbrook had not observed the accident until he heard the exclamation; when he looked round he saw his private properties lying in a confused mass, and he looked from them to the other man's face puzzled at what he read there.

Annesley stooped and picked up the photo. "Who is she?" he asked, in a hoarse voice, with an indescribable catch in his breath.

"That," said the doctor calmly—"that is the girl I am engaged to."

He would have taken her portrait into his own keeping again, but it was held in too tight a grasp.

"It—it is Patience Cotterill," said Annesley, still in that strained voice.

"Her name," answered the doctor. "Is Patience Cotterill. Is that sufficient for you?"

He succeeded this time in detaching the photograph, and kneeling down restored it to its place in the valise. He performed this action with so much deliberation that his companion had almost time to recover himself if he had devoted his energies to that end, but he had not; on the contrary, he seemed to have worked himself up into a still greater heat of emotion. When Dr. Snaresbrook stood up again, his face was red with stooping, his voice had a peculiar intonation.

"Do you know—her?" he asked.

"I did," said Annesley, "before I left England."

There was silence again. The atmosphere of the little tent was oppressive. Dr. Snaresbrook was the first to break that pause, he tried to make a jocular remark.

"You ought to apologise," he said, "for prying into my secrets. It's a warning to me not to leave my valise unlocked."

The other laughed harshly. "I—I think I'll go," he said. "Good afternoon."

The doctor watched him depart. He walked unsteadily across the space between the two tents.

"I suppose she refused him," he said. "Poor fellow, he seems hard hit; and Patience never mentioned his name to me."

Later that evening he was tossing on his hard couch, seeking in vain for coolness and repose. After he fell into uneasy slumber he dreamed strange dreams, kaleidoscope-like visions in which the forms of Patience and Lieutenant Annesley chased each other through and through his brain. They seemed to elude him, and to dance will-o-the-wisp-like before his eyes, and he had a sense of peering into troubled darkness, and hearing strange voices.

But when morning broke there was much work to be done—work of a nature before which all private and personal consideration failed. Dr. Snaresbrook had considered himself lucky in gaining the appointment that had enabled him to pass his year of probation away from England, and he had sufficient love of adventure to make this chance of sharing the campaign in the East an attraction.

But now it was growing to be weary work. The one or two regiments stationed in this region had been too long exposed to evil climatic influences; sickness was doing dire work amongst the troops.

Men, especially the young and unseasoned, were dying daily, and he found himself called upon to wrestle with a disease against which medical skill proved to be powerless.

Once or twice the chilly fancy had smote him: What if he should not live to return to England, where all his hopes were centred? What if this year of wandering, which he looked on merely as a probation, should be a finale of life? So many men had laid down to die in that weary desert; they most of them died uncomplainingly, being worn out beforehand by the insidious disease.

He rose that morning unusually depressed, and unrefreshed by that troubled sleep, and proceeded to the hospital, distant a mile or so away.

As he passed Annesley's tent he thought he would look in, but he resisted the impulse. "Poor beggar!" he thought. "We were just becoming friends, but I suppose that's an end!"

If he had looked in he would have found the tent empty. When he did arrive at the hospital he heard that Lieutenant Annesley was amongst the fresh batch of patients ordered in by the chief physician.

He was very ill—there was no question of that; in another day or two he was pronounced in mortal danger. Dr. Snaresbrook had not seen him; curiously enough, when he had prepared to enter the ward where he lay, he was stopped by the other physician.

"I am sorry," he said with a perplexed expression, "and it seems a strange hallucination, but the nurse who it tending Lieutenant Annesley tells me that he made her promise not to allow you to approach his bedside!

"A curious hallucination, indeed," said Dr. Snaresbrook, but his face grew so white that the other doctor noticed it.

"Were you great friends?" he asked inquisitively, "or—or——"

"Enemies? No. We were almost strangers, had seen very little of each other."

"Ah, then, you will not mind; it must be a fancy of delirium; but the nurse, who is a conscientious person, declares that she gave her solemn promise not to admit you, so we must humor him.

Later in the day the news went forth to the regiment that one of its most popular and dearly loved of its members was dead. Dr. Snaresbrook, sitting alone in his tent, received the news with stunned dismay; why, he hardly knew.

Still less could he analyse his own sensations when a small package was handed in to him, left addressed in his name in Lieutenant Annesley's tent.

It contained a tiny parcel with Patience's name upon it, and a note for Dr. Snaresbrook himself. A short, enigmatical note.

"Will you give her this, and assure her of my forgiveness?"

* * * * * * *

It was spring again in England, the spring after Mr. Cotterill's death. Dr. Snaresbrook had returned from his sojourn in the east.

Once again the summons reached Patience's ear that he, her father's appointed guardian of her, waited for an interview. She came slowly, as before, down the broad staircase—as before, he saw her coming, but this time he made no eager step forward, he stood with one clenched hand resting on the table, waiting to know his fate.

He had written to apprise her of his return, and in his letter he had enclosed the package given him by Lieutenant Annesley—urged thereto by a motive he could not define.

So that when she came in he looked very anxiously into her face. She had not recovered her bloom, she was a sad distrait-looking girl now—but there was an air of resolution about her that he was not slow to perceive.

She came straight towards him this time and offered her hand, but he shrank from it, and trembled, strong man as he was.

"Am I—to take it, Patience?" he asked. Then he saw that she had in her left hand his letter and the packet he had enclosed.

"If you will," she answered gravely. "There was—this—between us before—and it was all so puzzling. Now that he is—dead" (with a little sob) "I have no need to puzzle over it any longer."

Dr. Snaresbrook was conscious that a great red flush rose in his own face—he looked at the girl through a midst of pain and dismay.

"Was—that it?" he said slowly.

"Yes," said Patience. "I loved him—and there was my father's command—and I could not see my way at all. Now" (with a faint smile) "there is no problem at all, is there."

The dry-eyed misery of her face was too much for him to witness. She had not said all her say yet.

"The worst of it was," she went on, "that he thinks I changed—that I did not care. This letter—is to forgive me for getting engaged to you. He wishes he had known.

"Oh, hush," said Dr. Snaresbrook. Young Annesley's face rose before him in its desperate haggard misery. "Didn't you ever write?"

"I did not know what to say," said Patience. "I felt as if it must clear itself—but I wrote and told him—at last—that my father was dead, and the letter came back to me. I" (she laughed hysterically)—"I had put the wrong address on it."

The doctor sat down and laid his head on his two hands with a groan. He was startled by the girls next words.

"You need not mind—if you still want me to marry you," she said. "You see this year of waiting has made it all clear—really."

Like a flash his memory went back to the day he had spoken to her—when he had accepted her fiat of separation. He had been so afraid then of forcing himself upon her, and he thought her mind was full of her father and her great loss.

"Why didn't you tell me, Patience?" he said at last, looking up at her.

"I would have done so," she answered, "but it seemed no use, no one could have helped me; and I wanted time to think. I" (with a proud flush) "never intended to marry you without your knowing."

He remembered the letter he had written to her before his departure, saying that he would leave her in peace and not persecute her with his love until she had had time to recover from the shock. He had thought he was doing a generous thing in thus denying himself, and he had been secure his own power of making her happy.

What a blind world it is! How firmly rooted this tendency to be the "providence" to those we love!

"I—it has all been a terrible mistake," he said.

He had risen to go—and something in the girlish lovely little figure before him made him swerve.

"I think we must at any rate bear this together, Patience," he said gently. "I cannot leave you again alone; and I am older than you, and have learned that it is impossible to go on living—even after great mistakes."

He smiled a little sadly. Older as he was, the same blast that had shattered her girlish dream had shown him that his castle had been built on sand. He looked towards the windows, the trees were tossing their branches airily in the spring breeze—a ray of sunlight had thrown the delicate tracery of the ivy surrounding the window on to the polished floor. The sunbeam crept in further and played even on to Patience's black dress—and he took heart.

"No; I will not go away," he said."

Love's Eyes.

BY L. S. F.

THORNDALE MANSION is at best a gloomy old place, but now in the twilight, with the tall fir trees clustering thickly around it, it seems a fit abode for ghosts.

And sure enough, a white figure comes from the house and moves along one of the paths. But what a gait for a ghost! It surely is not the dignified glide with which they are usually credited.

See! now it turns off on to another path, and darts after and throws its white arms around a dark figure moving in the path before it.

"Amy, you little ghost! how you frightened me! Has your grandfather returned?"

"Yes. He sent me to remind you it is getting too damp out here for you and to tell you the news."

"What news?"

"I have a letter from Clarence."

"How very unusual!"

"Now Grannie, you needn't laugh, the receiving of it may not be unusual but the letter itself is. Clarence is coming home."

"Indeed! When does he say."

"He does not say; he merely says we may expect him in about a week."

"I am glad he has so far recovered his health and I will be very glad to see him, but sorry to part with you, my Pet."

"Never mind, I will come to see you often, but we had better go in out of this night air." And the ghost led her grandmother back to the house.

Passing through the hall, they entered a room which presented a cheerful contrast to the scene outside; everything in the room was suggestive of quiet comfort, from the maid just bringing in the tea to the master of the house who sat looking over his evening paper.

"Well Emma," he said, as they came in. "I suppose Amy has told you that Clarence is coming to take our little girl away from us; we shall miss her sadly, shall we not?"

"Yes, indeed; but it occurs to me that Amy has out-grown the word little; how old are you, my dear?"

"Twenty two last month," answered Amy very demurely.

"How time flies! It doesn't seem possible that Clarence has been gone five years; but come, tea is waiting," and Mrs. Winston led the way to the table.

The next afternoon Amy spent with a friend, and as she walked home in the sweet summer twilight, a flood of memories of past happiness and of hopes for the future rushed over her, filling heart and mind with a sweet rapture.

Of what is she dreaming as she walks with her eyes fixed on the road in front of her?

Of a summer evening five years ago. She sees a pair of tender brown eyes looking into hers, hears a manly voice utter words that are sacred to her own heart.

Then she seems to hear her mother's voice saying: Clarence tells me that you love each other, darling, but your father and I agree that you are both too young to bind yourselves by any engagement and Mr. Burton is of the same opinion, so as he wishes one of his sons to represent him in India, Clarence will go. If you can both be true for four years you shall have our blessing; then Clarence will be twenty-four years and you twenty-one years old, you will have finished school and seen something of society and he will have had opportunity to judge if this be only a boy's fancy. This may seem hard to you, my dear; believe me it is for the best."

The grey eyes grow misty, she will never hear that tender voice again, both father and mother sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

A passer by startled her out of her reverie ands she quickened her pace.

It was almost dark when she reached home and her grandmother met her in the hall with "Clarence has come dear, he is in the library," then as Amy stood still in surprise, "Go to him darling, he is waiting."

As Amy entered the library a tall bearded man rose from the depths of an easy chair and folded her in his arms then, releasing her, he asked:

"Has Amy no welcome for Clarence?"

"Why Clarence, how you are changed!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear, I know: five years in India make a man ten years older; besides, my beard." And he stroked the luxuriant brown growth rather proudly.

"I must go and dress for tea, Clarence. You'll make yourself at home, won't you?" And she was gone.

"You are a queer creature," she said, shaking her curly, brown head at the girl in her dressing glass. "Only this afternoon you were nearly wild with delight because Clarence was coming home, and now he is here. 'Why, Clarence, how you are changed!' a pretty welcome, truly. Where was the welcome you planned? It was an ideal welcome, and," she continued, turning from the glass, "I must have imagined an ideal, Clarence. I don't feel near as glad as I expected to, but perhaps it is because he is so changed; he seems strange to me."

In a few minutes she went down, looking lovely in her dainty white dress. They were all waiting for her, and sat down to tea at once.

Clarence Burton was a good talker, and even if he had not been, Mr. and Mrs. Winston would have drawn him out, so eager were they to learn all about his life in India, his long illness, and his voyage home.

"I little thought," said he, "when I wrote that letter that I would be here now. The doctors said I must wait a couple of weeks, but after I mailed that letter I got so homesick, I said 'I won't wait.' So I came with the letter.

As they rose from the table he turned to Amy, "are you as fond of moonshine as ever, Amy?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Let us go for a walk, then."

They walked in silence until Amy wondered what he could be thinking of. If he had seemed more like the Clarence of five years ago she would have asked him, but now she felt unaccountably shy.

"Amy," he said, suddenly, "are you glad to see me?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you tell me so?"

Amy hesitated.

"Because—because you seem strange to me."

No answer but a heavy frown.

"You are so changed, you know," she added softly, seeing the frown.

He took no notice of this remark, but stopped suddenly, holding both her hands tightly in his and bending a keen, searching look on her face.

"Amy, are you true to me?"

"Yes."

"Then promise me, solemnly, you will marry me three weeks from to-day."

"Oh, Clarence!"

"Promise me."

And his grasp on her hands tightened painfully.

"I promise."

Then, piteously as he dropped her hands, "Oh, Clarence! how you did hurt me."

"Oh, did I? Forgive me, dear."

They turned presently and walked silently back to the house. The parlor door stood open as they entered the hall, and from within could be heard the voice of Mr. and Mrs. Winston in quiet converse.

"Tell them" whispered Amy, and she ran up stairs. It was late that night before Amy Winston slept, many conflicting thoughts and emotions were struggling in her mind.

How changed he was, well, that was easy accounted for, but the change was not only outward, she could have gotten used to that, she thought, but how sharply he spoke to her, he never spoke that way before, and he didn't seem a bit sorry he hurt her hands.

Here Amy checked herself angrily.

How childish she was, of course he couldn't know how much they hurt and no wonder he was angry at the welcome she gave him.

She wondered if he loved her as he used; but of course he did or he would not want to marry her, but why did he insist upon its being so very soon.

She wondered if she did love him as she should; she was sure she did before he came.

What did she love after all? a dream? a memory? or an ideal fashioned by her imagination?

She was all at sea. She told herself wearily, "she had never been so mixed up in her life before."

These and many other thoughts repeated themselves over and over in various forms until tired out she fell into a troubled sleep.

The days passed quickly and the preparations for the wedding went briskly on.

They were to be married very quietly at home at 5 o'clock Thursday evening, and were to start immediately afterward for a trip through the Western States.

Clarence planned and arranged everything without Amy's advice, seeming to take her approval for granted.

Meanwhile Amy was not so happy and contented as she appeared, that first feeling of strangeness did not wear off; though she scolded herself soundly for her foolish notions she found herself constantly shrinking from Clarence and his caresses.

Wednesday afternoon Amy was in a bad humor, nearly all the morning had been spent with the dressmakers and she was tired of every thing and everybody, so after dinner she stole away to a secluded part of the grounds where she hoped Clarence would not find her.

She settled herself comfortable on a rustic seat and began to read. This was a favorite retreat of hers: she and Clarence had often sat there in the old times but since his return she had not come near it until today.

She had been reading for some time, and was beginning to flatter herself that she should not be disturbed, when a step sounded behind her and a hand was laid over the page.

"Oh, Clarence!" she exclaimed angrily "couldn't you let me have an hour to myself?"

The hand was withdrawn.

"What do you mean Amy?"

"I mean," she said "that since you came I have not had an hour of perfect freedom, you are always following me about and watching me."

She rose and moved away a few steps without turning her head.

"Amy, are you crazy?"

Two strong hands on her shoulders turned her around face to face with whom? She did not stop to question.

Clarence stood before her, her ideal Clarence, the Clarence of her dreams.

Everything was forgotten in the joy of the moment. With a low cry she was in his arms,

Footsteps startled them, they turned quickly.

"Herbert Weaver!" exclaimed he, "what are you doing here?"

But the man, who was deathly pale, turned and walked quickly away.

Amy had glanced from one to the other in that moment, and murmuring, "How could I be so blind?" sank back into the seat.

When Clarence turned to her again he found her with dilated eyes, staring straight before her.

"Amy," he said.

She roused at his voice and burst into tears.

"Oh, Clarence! What you have saved me from!"

"What is it, Amy?" he said, seating himself beside her.

He did not understand her in the least. He began to fear that she was losing her mind.

By a great effort she controlled herself and briefly told him the whole story.

"The scoundrel!" he exclaimed when she had finished, and springing up he started for the house at a run.

Amy followed quickly, and soon search was being made in every direction for the imposter, but he had made good his escape.

"He was my servant in India," explained Clarence afterward. "I always knew he was a prying sneak of a fellow, and he must have seen that last letter I wrote you. People used to speak of his striking personal resemblance to me, but I never thought he would attempt to put it to such a use. I remember being called out of the room just as I was going to seal it. The mail vessel was to sail the next day. That evening he came to me and said he had a letter from his home, in Kansas, saying his mother was very ill. He must go at once; he would sail the next day. Thank God I sailed a week sooner than I expected."

"But what could have been his object?" queried Grandma Winston.

"Money, of course," answered Clarence. "It was Amy's fortune he wanted."

"It was so strange," said Amy, "that from the very first I should feel as though he were a stranger. I could not account for it; I found myself continually shrinking from him."

"You never told us anything was wrong, Amy."

"No, grandma, I didn't want to disturb you by what I thought were only foolish fancies. I was so mixed up it was a wonder I knew Clarence when I did see him."

"Ah! Amy," whispered Clarence, "then love's eyes were opened wide at last."

WALKING IN SLEEP.

ONE theory of somnambulism is that it is dreaming of so forcible a nature as to stimulate into action the muscular system and one or more of the organs of the senses. Thus, to dream vividly, and with excited energies of walking, arouses the muscles of locomotion, so that the person naturally gets up and walks.

To dream that we hear or see, may produce so vivid a cerebral impression as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or the organs of the brain with which they are connected, until we do see objects and hear sounds just as if we were awake. If the muscles only are excited, then we simply walk. If the organs of sight and hearing are also excited, then we walk, and see, and hear, and probably talk as well.

The senses of smell, taste, and touch may further be stimulated into activity during sleep; and a condition of mind is the result which is so like perfect wakefulness as to be in reality a second consciousness, or a double life.

Sleep-walking is often hereditary, but is more common among women and children than among men.

Most of us have probably met with cases of this simple kind, in which only the muscles of locomotion are in play while all the senses are dormant, and a very large number of people have experienced the thing themselves.

Very different in degree, however, is the somnambulism in such cases as that of the clergyman who used to rise in his sleep, light a candle, write a sermon, correct it with interlineations, and then go to bed again, awaking in the morning without any recollection of his midnight performance.

Or like that of the miller, who was in the habit of rising every night and going through his usual work at the mill without any remembrance of it in the morning.

Or like the farmer who rose, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to market in a state of somnolence. Or like a certain gentleman, who on one occasion, after retiring early from the family-circle, arose and returned to the room, joined in the conversation, sang a song, and went to bed again, not only without any after-recollection, but also without any of the company having suspected that he was asleep all the time.

Or like the boy who dreamed that he got out of bed, scaled an enormous precipice, captured an eagle's nest, and placed it under the bed, all of which he had found in the morning that he had actually done, and had been seen to do—the precipice being one he would not have dared to climb in his waking movements.

Sleep-walking may be caused by several things: such as a heavy meal, a bad digestion, a nervous, overwrought temperment, or general irritability of the system. But there are many cases in which it is impossible to ascribe a cause; and there is also a somnambulism which is produced by artificial means, which we may call either mesmerism or magnetism.

A German doctor records the case of an old priest at Stettin, who, one Christmas Day, felt need of a little rest after the first mass, and dropped asleep in his cell for thirteen weeks. In "Truths in Popular Superstitions" there is mention of a girl known to the author who, at twelve years old, fell into a sleep which lasted thirteen years, during which she grew from a child to a mature woman.

A good many of the phenomena of somnambulism are explainable by memory. There is an authenticated case of a distinguished musician who once dreamed he was listening to a remarkable piece of music performed by some singers. He remembered the melody on awaking, and was so delighted with it that he at once wrote it down. Several years afterwards, as he was turning over some old sheets of music that he had never seen before—as he thought—he came upon the very melody he had dreamed. He could not remember that he had ever seen or heard this melody except in his dream, and yet it is beyond doubt that he had heard it; that he had forgotten it; and that it had been reproduced in his dream in the manner recorded.

Coleridge tells of a maidservant who, in the delirium of fever, repeated long passages in Latin, Greek and Hebrew—languages which she neither understood nor could pronounce in health, but which she had heard a former master often reading aloud. An even more remarkable case is mentioned by Dr. Mayo. This was of a girl who, knowing absolutely nothing of astronomy and mathematics, once in a somnambulic state wrote down the pages of an astronomical treatise, with calculations and delineations. It was found that this was taken from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which she said she had read in the library. But when awake she could not recall a word of it.

Du Prel mentions the case of a girl, employed as a neatherd, who occupied a room divided only by a thin partition from that of a violin player, who used to play often during half the night. This girl, after some months, got another place, and after she had been there for some two years, sounds began to be heard coming from her room exactly like those of a violin. This went on for hours, and, with irregular intervals, lasted for two years. Then the girl began to reproduce the tones of a piano which was played in the family, and afterwards began to discourse in her sleep, in a learned and sarcastic manner, on religious and political subjects. In every case she was reproducing in sleep what she had heard said or played by members of the family or visitors.

A basketmaker, named Monk, observed by Varnhagen, once heard a sermon which greatly impressed him. The following night he got up and walked in his sleep, repeating word for word the discourse he had heard. He continued to do this at intervals for forty years, although on waking he knew nothing of what he had done.

A celebrated female somnambulist named Selma is known to have repeated when asleep a poem which she had heard a year before; and once she recited a poem by her brother which he himself no longer knew, having lost it for thirteen years.

Prof. Debret mentions that he awakened one somnambulist while she was singing. She ceased her song, and looked about in great perplexity, but when put to sleep again, resumed in the same key and at the same syllable where she had been interrupted.

The physiologist, Burdach, was told one morning that his wife had been seen the night before walking on the roof of the church. He took the opportunity at her next sleep to question her, when she gave a full account of her proceedings, and mentioned having hurt her left foot by a nail on the roof. When awakened, she was asked about the wound in her foot, but could give no explanation.

NATURE will generally be found to be the best teacher of gracefulness. No artificial rules can teach us the exact amount of force requisite for the various motions and attitudes we assume. The infant in his innocent glee and the child in his bounding sports are seldom ungraceful. It is when we contract an excessive self-consciousness, and think more of the appearances we make than of the objects we desire to accomplish, that we become the most ungraceful.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A plucky domestic in Lafayette, Ind., Maggie Carlin, headed off a burglar in the entry and threatened to carve him with a knife and fork she had, if he attempted to pass her. He didn't try it she was a woman of her word, but retreated to a bed room, when she locked the door and held him a prisoner until an officer arrived.

The story comes from Augusta, Ga., that recently a hen hatched out a lot of chickens, but to one of them, for some unaccountable reason, showed much aversion, finally driving the little chick from her flock. But the chicky found a sympathetic partner in a white puppy that owed allegience to the same household. They eat and play together. When the chicky gets sleepy it hops on the back of the dog and dozes away with as much confidence as if under the protecting wing of its mother.

Maine annually gathers a fur as well as an ice crop. The following (from a Maine exchange) shows substantially what trappers and dealers there have caught and handled since autumn. In addition about 200 bears were killed in the spring. The value given is the selling price for each skin. Muskrats 22 000 at 16 cents; 65 000 skunks, 50 cents; 5 300 mink, $1 15 900 coon, 60 cents; 3 250 foxes, $1 40; 730 sables, $1; 36 bears $12; 71 fishers, $7; 98 otters, $8; 176 lynx, $3; 5 silver foxes, $50; 9 cross foxes, $8; 950 house cats, 15 cents, and 75 wild cats, 70 cents.

A New York barber, who got an order on crested Fifth avenue note paper to bring with him his best shaving implements, tells a paper there. "The letter was in a feminine hand, and, being an unmarried man, I had allowed a few ideas of carelessly captivating an heiress to float through my mind. That is why I waxed the ends of my mustache before I went around there. When I arrived the proposition was that I should shave the hindquarters of a poodle, the same having already been closely clipped. They offered me $3 for the job, and the old maid who had the thing in tow agreed to hold the dog; but I refused."

Women druggists seem to be very few, considering the extent to which members of the sex have engaged in other professions. A Chicago druggist, interviewed, knows of but three in that city. One of these is a woman who has charge of the store owned by her husband. "I don't know," he says "whether the other two are in the business for which they were educated or not. I do not know why there are not more women in the drug business. It seems to me there is a field for them here. I think if I had a woman in my store it would help my trade. I suppose that one thing which keeps women out of the business is the fact that they have got to begin at the bottom—by washing bottles, etc. But aside from that there is no reason why there should not be more women druggists."

Buying at an auction is as catching as the measles, says a St. Louis writer. He then relates: "I heard of a girl the other day who knew nothing what ever of Japanese swords, and who had precisely $1 17 in her purse. She went in where they were selling those atrocities that look like roughly decorated pokers with handles to them, and that were supposed to have slain their tens of thousands. She went in merely from curiosity. From the beginning that has gotten most women in trouble. A sword was being sold for $5, when she heard a man near her say it was worth $10. She and another woman, one of the sallow-eyed, thin-lipped, decided kind, ran that wretched thing up to $47, and then mademoiselle had to stop, for it dawned on her first that she had not the money to get the sword, and then that she did not know what she would have done with it if she had gotten it. The proud possessor of it at $48 looked triumphant, but her comfort was a little cooled by her being told that the next one would probably go for $6."

Washington has a famous Police Judge now presiding over the peace of the community. He is red-headed and original, and is going about in his own way to administer justice and introduce reforms. It may well be imagined that the nation's capital is a quiet and orderly sort of place when one judge is sufficient to dispose of all its Police Court cases, and that this one judge finds time to take a fatherly sort of interest in the young offenders against the law who are brought before him for punishment. He is a Solomon and an evangelist, administering impartial justice and preaching sermons on morality from the bench. He has come to know most of the old offenders, and is always reluctant to inflict punishment on those who are not hardened in crime. His conversations with some of the prisoners before the bar are often most amusing, and some of his sayings have the pith of proverbs. He put a very heavy fine upon a man I met the other day for carrying an air gun for a toy. The reason he gave for the fine was that such punishment would fall on the father and not on the child, and that the father really deserved very severe punishment for buying the gun. Recently he refused to punish a colored boy for an offence against a city ordinance because the defence was committed in connection with some of the boy was performing to earn a honest living. He said he would not [illegible] who worked by sending him to [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THAT BOY NEXT DOOR.

BY MAGGIE BROWN.

"NOW, Madge, take hold of my little finger, and say it."

Madge hesitated. "But I don't know anything about him."

"Go on," said Guy firmly; and when he spoke in that tone Madge knew that he meant it.

The two children were standing in front of one another at the end of the old garden. It was a bitterly cold day, and Madge was shivering with cold. The sky was dull and grey, heavy with the snow, which seemed as if it would begin to fall every minute.

"Now, Madge," said Guy once more, "speak up."

"Somebody might hear," objected Madge.

But Guy did not seem to care, and Madge was forced to begin—

"I solemnly declare," said Guy, and shivering Madge repeated the words, "that I will never, never make a friend of the boy next door."

Madge said the words, and then added almost in the same breath—

"Now tell me why you don't like him, Guy."

"He is a prig," said Guy, very decidedly; "and I don't like a prig. He made all the boys laugh at me in school this morning, and I don't like being laughed at."

And that was all the explanation Madge could get, though she asked ever so many questions. But Guy was angry, too angry to explain, and he only told Madge to go indoors and get warm.

The two children had no sooner left the garden than a black curly head appeared on the other side of the wall. The owner of the curls had evidently been listening to all that had passed, and seemed by no means pleased with what he had heard.

He stretched himself, and began brushing the snow off his coat, for he had been hiding behind the wall.

"Very well," he said, "very well." Then a thought seemed to come into his head; and, standing close to the wall, he held out his little finger, and said slowly—

"And I will solemnly declare that I will never, never make a friend of the boy next door."

Then he nodded his head as if he were quite satisfied, and ran indoors.

His mother met him at the foot of the staircase.

"Where have you been, Gordon?" she asked. "Our next-door neighbor has been to call on me. She seems very kind, and says her boy attends the High School. I hope he may be a friend for you. You must ask him to tea one afternoon."

"Oh, no, mother," said Gordon; "I'm sure I should never like him."

"But why not?" asked his mother, very much astonished. "You don't know anything of him."

"I know he is a bully, and I know he is ignorant," said Gordon.

"Ignorant! a bully!" exclaimed his mother.

"He is unkind to his sister, and I couldn't help laughing out loud at him in school this morning. Just fancy! He thought mustard was a mineral!"

His mother smiled. "Well, we must see," she said.

During the night the snow fell heavily, and as it was a holiday the first thing after breakfast Madge and Guy were out of doors pelting one another with snowballs and enjoying themselves thoroughly. Guy had forgotten all about the boy next door, but Madge soon caught sight of him watching them with longing eyes.

He looked very lonely, and she held up her finger to beckon to him, but then she remembered her promise.

"Don't you think, Guy, we might——?" she began.

"Madge, do try and throw straight," interrupted Guy; "it's not much fun when you miss every time. Girls can't throw a little bit."

The front door of the next house banged.

"It's the boy next door," said Madge.

"Quick! Let us hide and pelt him!" said Guy.

Madge was quite willing; she was always ready for any piece of mischief.

She hid behind a pillar, and Guy stood close beside her.

Gordon came down the steps dressed in his best clothes. It was very evident that he was not going to play in the snow.

"Oh! what a dandy!" said Madge, peeping round the corner. "Isn't he dressed up for the best?"

"I told you he was a prig," muttered Guy. "Now, then, aim straight, Madge!"

Madge did aim straight, and so did Guy—so straight that Gordon's hat tumbled off and rolled into the road.

He turned angrily, and looked about him but the two children were out of sight.

"I believe it was that boy next door," he said. Then he picked up his hat and began to brush it.

He was looking at the hat, and not where he was going, and he ran into the arms of a lady who was coming in the opposite direction.

"I suppose you must be Gordon," said a pleasant voice.

And Madge and Guy, peeping from their hiding place, saw, to their horror, that their mother was speaking to the boy next door.

"Now he'll tell," said Guy, "and we shall be scolded. He's a sneak as well as a prig."

But when Mrs. Johnstone came in she said nothing about snowballing, and only told them that she had spoken to the boy next door.

"He seemed a little gentleman," she said, "and his name is Gordon Jamieson, I told him he must come over and have tea with you some day."

Guy looked at Madge, and held up his little finger, but Madge shook her head, and directly her mother left the room she began to speak. "There, he didn't tell, Guy. You see he isn't a sneak, and he looks so lonely you might be friends." But Guy had followed his mother and Madge was alone.

She sat for a long time, with her elbows on the table thinking, then she nodded her head, said aloud "I'll do it," fetched a piece of paper, and began to write.

"I'm sure mother won't mind," she said as she looked at what she had written, "and Guy only dislikes him because he doesn't——"

But just then Guy came back into the room, and Madge folded her note hastily without finishing it.

The next day at school it happened that Guy and Gordon were thrown very much together, and as Guy went into afternoon school he began to think that after all it might be well not to be at war with the boy next door. He really seemed a jolly boy, in spite of him being a bit of a prig.

When he sat down at his desk Guy was surprised to see a note lying on it, addressed "G. J. (the boy next door)."

He opened it quickly, read it, and then looked across at Gordon; but Gordon made no sign.

Guy read it again, he seemed as if he could not understand the seven words in it. Yet they were very plainly written—"Come to tea to-night, and never mind."

He looked at the address—Yes, it must be meant for him, for he was "G. J., the boy next door."

He put in his pocket and determined to ask Madge about it.

But after school, sad to say, he was kept in, and it was nearly tea-time when he reached home.

He ran up stairs and down stairs, calling Madge, and then out into the garden, waving the note as he ran.

He stopped at the bottom of the garden to get his breath, and the place reminded him of his vow. He was wondering what he should do, when suddenly he heard a cough, and once more a black curly head appeared on the other side of the wall.

Guy went very red, and Gordon looked decidedly uncomfortable.

There was a pause, then Guy held up the note, and both boys said together—

"I was coming to tell you that—"

Then they both stopped and laughed.

"Thank you for asking me to tea," said Gordon, speaking very quickly. "I may come, and I shall be very glad to be friends, you know."

Guy looked very much astonished.

"But I was coming to tea—Here's your note."

"Yours, you mean," said Gordon. "I was afraid I had lost it—I dropped it."

"But I did not write to you," said Guy.

"And I certainly did not write to you," said Gordon.

Both boys looked puzzled. Just then Madge came running down the garden, and her first question to Gordon, "Are you coming? mother says it is all right," only helped to confuse Guy still more.

When she claimed the note as hers, however, and explained that she had sent it to Gordon, matters seemed somewhat clearer.

"But how did you get the note?" she asked Guy.

"I can guess," said Gordon; "I see it all. I dropped it in school, some boy found it, and put it on Guy's desk. Our initials are the same, you know. We are both 'G. J., the boy next door.'"

"I see," said Guy very slowly.

Just then the tea-bell rang.

"Well, come along," said Madge.

Gordon laughed and held up his little finger.

Guy and Madge both reddened. "Oh, you know about that, do you?" said Guy.

"I was behind the wall, and heard everything," said Gordon.

"Never mind," said Madge, "let us begin again. We only need leave out a letter. Now, say after me"—and she held out a little finger to each boy.

"I solemnly declare that I will ever, ever, make a friend of the boy next door." The boys repeated her words, and then they all ran in doors to tea.

THE RAVEN.

From time immemorial the raven has been regarded as a bird of ill omen whose presence at or near a dwelling house indicates death or some other misfortune. The popular idea had its origin, no doubt, that in the fact the raven—from which we get the word ravenous—is a greedy bird, preying on dead bodies lying on the battle-field; and after such gruesome meals it is too often the medium of pestilence.

Ancient writers recognized the gravest impending disasters in a skirmish between ravens and kites or crows. There is a legend quoted by Macauley that Cicero, the famous orator, was visited in his bedchamber by a raven on the day of his murder, and the bird pulled the clothes off his bed.

The croak of a raven has always been held to indicate the approach of foul weather; and an old legend tells us that when a flock of ravens forsake the woods we may look for famine and mortality, "because ravens bear the characters of Saturn, the author of these calamities, and have a very early perception of the bad disposition of that planet."

According to an old tradition, ravens were once as white as swans, and not inferior in size; but one day a raven told Apollo that a Thessalian nymph whom he passionately loved was fickle, and the god thereupon shot the nymph with his dart; but taking a dislike to the tell tale bird—

"He blacked the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more."

The ravens figure in Christian art as emblems of the Divine providence, in allusion to the miraculous feeding by those birds of the prophet Elijah.

Odin, the Danish war god had the raven as the emblem of his standard. To this standard, which is said to have been woven by a daughter of the house of the renowned Sigurd, miraculous powers are attributed. If the Danish arms are destined to defeat, the embroidered raven hangs his head and droops his wings; if victory awaits, then he stands erect and soaring, as if inviting the warriors to follow. The poet Thompson, in his poem on "Liberty," alluding to this legend, says—

"The Danish 'Raven,' lured by animal prey,
Hung o'er the land incessant.

The raven is popularly believed to be endowed with wonderful longevity.

Shakespeare, in *Othello*, says:

"O, it comes o'er my memory
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all:"

an allusion to a very old belief that the raven, by its sense of smell, could always detect the existence in a house of any malady likely to prove fatal.

Hunt, in his "Popular Romances," relates the following incident: "One day our family were much annoyed by the continual croaking of a raven over our house. Some of us believed it to be a token, others derided the idea, but the day and hour were carefully noted down, and months after the news came of the death of a member of the family in Australia on the day, and at the very hour of the raven's croak."

It is not at all an uncommon habit to try to account for singular coincidences by traditional or superstitious myths and fables.

In some parts of Cornwall, England, there is a belief among the peasantry that King Arthur is still alive in the form of a raven; and it is thought unfortunate to destroy those birds for fear of killing the mythic warrior.

HE WAS THE DUKE.—A London writer cleverly revamps an old story, giving the chief characters as Mr. Gerald Coxe and Lord Charles Beresford, two of the most conspicuous swells about London. In a foolish whim Sir Charles, he says, tempted a crossing sweeper to insult a policeman. The gamin was captured and Sir Charles, filled with remorse, sought to release him only to be himself arrested for obstructing an officer. Mr. Coxe interfered and was in turn arrested. The trio were escorted to the police station where the inspector demanded their names. The first culprit gave his name as Mr. Gerald Coxe, the second as Lord Charles Beresford. Both names were entered, with sneering remarks from the inspector, who then demanded the gamin's name. The ragged little urchin was in a serious quandary. He looked at Sir Charles and Mr. Coxe. "Look a-here," said he. "I don't know who yez are or wat's yer game, but I'm not going back on a pal!" Then, turning boldly to the inspector, he said, in a tone full of heroic confidence! "I'm der Duck of Wellington."

TO BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR.—To be a really good neighbor demands the possession of many excellent qualities—act, temper, discernment, and consideration for other people's feelings; and, if we possess all or some of these qualities, innumerable and never ending are the benefits we may confer on each other, and a great deal of pleasure will be the result. But, because we are neighbors, we need not necessarily be close friends. We may be friendly enough to enjoy the pleasure of doing them little kindnesses and receiving the same in return. Being kindly disposed to all by no means implies that our house is to be open from morning till night to visitors. The typically good-natured person who is at every one's back and call is likely to be greatly imposed upon and to please no one really; one must be able to say "No," and to decline being made use of by every one.

HEART-KINDNESS.—That quality which is called "heart-kindness" is the result, not of natural disposition, but of the uprooting of self, and planting therein the love of our neighbor; it is the spirit which wins its way in life, which tinctures all our actions with good-will, and which makes the happiness of all around us.

An unselfish spirit is essentially a loving one.

"How is it that you live so happily with your husband, who is so exacting?" was asked of a lady, whose smiling face and sunny temper made her widely beloved.

"Because I have never yet found anything worth contending for," she replied.

"And," said her friend, "do you always give up your will to your husband's?"

"Certainly not, where principle is concerned," said the lady; "but if it be on indifferent matters, what does it signify?"

ELECTRIC TANNING.—The use of electricity in tanning is not a modern idea, by a long way, if a correspondent of a New York daily is correctly informed. He says that the Persians have for ages believed in the efficacy of electricity in the preparation of leather, adding: As the Persians have been, of course, entirely ignorant of modern scientific methods for obtaining or utilizing electricity, they have sometimes exposed their leather on high places, especially on Mount Elwend, near Hamadan. This they do precisely because such elevated spots are most exposed to electrical storms, and they affirm that lightning (or electricity) is a valuable agent in the curing of leather.

HABIT.—Few have sufficient respect for habit, the ease with which it may be formed, the difficulty with which it can be broken, the magical power with which it smooths the rough path of duty, and enables us to look with indifference upon the allurements of the world. It is a kind of shield, which the fingers of a boy may at first weave of threads light as gossamer, and which yet grows into the strength of steel. By its aid the greatest things are accomplished. The cultivation of proper habits should be impressed on the young. Isolated acts are of little comparative importance. In short, a correct habit of living is principle without which no one can be happy.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of mistakes, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they will burn, and half a dozen, and you will have an effective blaze. There are other fires subject to the same condition. If one member of a family gets into a passion and is left alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper, let one hasty answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will enwrap them all in its burning heat.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

BY J. E. W.

The Spring buds peep from the fresh young earth,
And the sun shines warmly on their birth,
And the showers mock the thought of dearth,
Yet my little love lies dying.

My little love with the hazel eyes,
In her pretty face so white and wise—
I almost worship her as she lies—
My one sweet love, lies dying.

And she looks at me from her spirit land,
And says, as I clasp her little hand,
While I tremble so I cannot stand,
"Ah, dearest, I am dying!"

And I feel there is no more hope for me;
I am crush'd by the weight of my misery;—
Swift future, tell me can it be?
Ah! is there no one way to free
My little love from dying?

ARISTOCRATS IN POVERTY.

Not long ago, Prince Napoleon said, in a speech to a provincial delegation, "I am poor, and I feel honored to be poor;" but when it is remembered that between 1852 and 1870, the price received some millions from the nation, there does not seem to be much cause for pride in the confession. Many princes and mushroom nobles, whose fortunes were linked with those of the third Napoleon, sank into insignificance when the empire fell, but not many fared so badly as Leon de Luzignanoo, Prince of Koricoez, descendant of the kings of Armenia, who died in Italy in 1876. Up up 1859 he served in the French army and was wounded at Solferino, and Napoleon III. bestowed a pension upon him, which enabled him to live comfortably.

With the fall of his patron, however, came the prince's own social extinction. His pension was stopped in 1870, and he fell into the most abject poverty. Three of his children were brought up in a public asylum, and his eldest son, who bears the title of his father, married a peasant girl, and not long ago was serving as a waiter in a Milan cafe.

The story of the Princess Pignatelli is another striking example of modern social collapse. Her mother became by her second marriage the wife of the Duke of Reggina, at that time (1852) Sicilian Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. After the duke's death, in 18 0, the duchess and her daughter moved to Paris, where they resided until the events of 1870 drove them to London.

A few years of romance and adventure followed, the conduct of the princess being scarcely what one could call exemplary always; she was married to a Swedish nobleman, Count L. Piper, and after that domestic misunderstandings arose, and she got into the depths, appeared in various capitals of Europe as a music-hall singer, and when last heard of was serving as a waitress at a Vienna restaurant.

In the early part of 1887, there died in a tenement in Eighty second street, New York, the Marquess of Rovagnasca, aged sixty two, who after a career marked by many vicissitudes, finished his existence in extreme poverty.

He was a leading officer in the army of Victor Emmanuel, and espoused his cause in the struggle for Italian liberty, distinguishing himself greatly. He was over six feet high, and handsome as he was brave. In 1859 there appeared at Court the beautiful and fascinating Countess Millifiores, whom the Marquess fell in love with and married; but, unfortunately for their happiness, the king himself became enamoured of the lady, and measures were adopted to get the husband out of the way.

He was told that if he exiled himself he would get a pension, and if he refused he would be thrust into a dungeon. He resigned his commission and broke his sword. Then he went to New York, spent all his money, and afterwards opened a fencing school.

Subsequently he got his living by giving lessons in Italian and French, and by acting as interpreter. On the death of Victor Emmanuel, his pension of sixty dollars a month from the Italian Government was stopped, and on visiting Italy to get it continued, he was got rid of by a payment of 3 000 dollars. His pecuniary means were soon exhausted after his return to America, and his final days were passed in great distress.

Many recent instances of English persons of title undergoing privations might be cited, especially from our colonial annals. It was but the other day that we read of the termination of the curiously-checkered career of the late Earl of Seafield. During the period when he bore the courtesy title of Viscount Reidhaven he was successively an auctioneer's clerk, a storeman at a salary of thirty shillings per week, and a bailiff in the town of Oamaru, New Zealand.

From the same colony, about the same time, came the news of the sentencing at Auckland to fourteen days' hard labor, for stealing roses, of a venerable but somewhat dilapidated gentleman bearing the name of Sir Charles Burdett, Bart. This owner of an ancient title—the seventh baronet of his line—is described in the pages of Dod and Debrett as "residing abroad," and has been about the colonies for years, often with shoeless feet and battered hat, picking up a precarious subsistence by stripping bark from trees, cooking for bushmen, and doing odd jobs about squatters' stations. There was a time when he held her Majesty's commission in the army.

Diving into past history there are hundreds of stories of the decay and degradation of noble personages to be met with. Titles and estates were to such an extent in the keeping of kings in the olden time that they were of very uncertain tenure. The most shallow pretexts often served both for the creation and the destruction of dignites, while wars and political conflicts made serious havoc in the aristocratic ranks.

The Wars of the Roses wrought great changes in this respect. When the long struggle between the rival houses was over, many nobles were reduced to such a condition of want and poverty that no common beggar was in a worse plight. Sir Bernard Burke refers to the case of the Duke of Exeter, who followed in the train of the Duke of Burgundy under an assumed name.

He was barefoot and bare legged, and had to beg his bread from door to door. For one who had married King Edward's sisters, and had been one of the leading nobles of the House of Lancaster, this was a terrible degradation, but when his identity was discovered he had a small pension allowed him for his subsistence.

Perhaps the most familiar instance of "the mighty fallen" is afforded by the sad termination to the once brilliant career of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who, after a life of ostentatious magnificence and dissoluteness, fell into degradation and poverty, and sank to death "in the worst inn's worst room" at Helmsley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the estate which once had been part of his own vast possessions.

"Thither Buckingham," writes Macaulay, "having wasted in mad intemperance, sensual and intellectual, all the choicest bounties of nature and of fortune, had carried the feeble ruins of his fine person and of his fine mind.

Grains of Gold.

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.

It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin; but a greater sin to keep to a sinful oath.

The man who pays as he goes, and avoids small scores, generally succeeds in life.

Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds.

To presevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

I protest the great ills of life are nothing. The loss of your fortune is a mere flea bite.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly and useful, when they are only officious and troublesome.

Youth needs strong reins, because it is hard to be ruled, easy to be drawn aside, and apt to be deceived.

I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral.

While we are poor the necessaries of life are luxuries; after we become rich the luxuries are the necessities.

Many men resemble glass, smooth and polished and dull, until broken; then sharp and every splinter pricks.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

We on this globe are like insects in a garden; those who live on an oak seldom meet those who pass their lives on an ash.

Femininities.

It is human to be jealous; divine to conceal it.

When a married woman hates another married woman she calls her children her tribe.

There is nothing a woman likes better than to get hold of a sick man who likes to try remedies.

One of the lessons which a woman most rarely learns is never to talk to an angry or a drunken man.

We paint love as a child, when he should sit a giant on his clouds, the great disturbing spirit of the world.

The tailor made girl is said to be going out of fashion. The ready-made girl is good enough for anybody.

After a number of years of married life a woman learns to let her husband have his own way in some important matters.

A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of her whom we love.

Mr. Threads, at the head of the stairs: "Sylva, isn't it most time to retire?" Sylva Threads: "Yes, father. Please set the example."

Cautiously avoid talking of your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them but tedious; theirs are nothing to you.

A good cry has always been considered essential to a woman's comfort, and this may be the reason why Wellesley College is so anxious to get one.

Have you seen the angel of small sacrifices at work? On earth she is called a mother, a friend, a sister, or a wife. In heaven she is called a saint.

The French newspapers declare that the dance as a social joy is doomed, going out of fashion at the command of the women who lead Parisian society.

It is impossible to convince a woman who arrives five minutes late at a station that the engineer did not see her coming and started off just out of spite.

"Ouida," in her recent paper on Shelley, generously says: "Who would not give the lives of a hundred thousand ordinary women to make happy for an hour such a singer as he?"

The Empress of Germany has undertaken the protection of the Berlin soup kitchens, the late Empress Augusta having for a considerable number of years been at the head of these institutions.

The most common error of men and women is to look for happiness outside of useful work. It has never been found when thus sought and never will be while the sun revolves and the earth stands.

In a man's hands silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet with words on her side. But silence conquers her.

An English Court has just decided that a wife married in Japan, after the fashion of that country, is a legal wife in England, on the ground that "Japan has long been recognized as a civilised country."

When the first time of love is over there comes a something better still. Then comes that other love; that faithful friendship which never changes, and which will accompany you through the whole of life.

Too close together. Mother: "I don't approve of your carrying on with Mr. Staylate as you did in the parlor last night. You sat too close together." Alice: "Why, mother, there was a chair between us!"

Everybody has learned to recognize the picturesque effect of long gloves, which have now been in fashion for years. They are to go out. In future dresses are to be made with long sleeves, and one-button gloves will then be the mode.

When we deplore the absence of some single excellence in another that we pride ourselves upon possessing, it is well to look at the opposite side and see if there is not present another class of virtues in which we are probably lamentably deficient.

The ladies of Bermuda have started a rifle club, of which the Governor's wife is President. They have a range of their own, where they practice at 100 yards with small calibre weapons, and are said to make remarkably good scores. There are 70 members, and their first championship competition will take place soon.

"If that is your final answer, Miss Robinson," the young man said, with ill-concealed chagrin, as he picked up his hat and turned to go, "I can do nothing but submit. Yet as it never occurred to you that when a lady passes the age of 27 she is not likely to find herself as much sought after by desirable young men as she once was?" "It occurred to me with sudden and painful distinctness when you offered yourself just now," she replied. "Good-night, Mr. Jones!"

Means business. Mr. Billus: "Maria, I don't like to have that spider-legged dude of a Hankinson hanging about the house. Does he come to see one of our girls? Is it possible any of them would encourage the idiot?" Mrs. Billus: "Mr. Hankinson seems to me, John, to be a very worthy young man. He comes to see Bessie, and since his aunt in Maryland left him that handsome legacy he is——" Mr. Billus, greatly mollified: "O, if he means business I've no objection. I didn't want him to come here trifling—that's all."

Women demand love from the man from whom they have the right to expect love. And nothing so quickly exasperates a wife who fondly loves her husband as to be given an icy or an indifferent touch for a loving caress. Men are apt to forget this. They are so engrossed in themselves and in their life work that they forget the needs of a woman's spiritual existence. To most women life is made up of trifles. Their nature is occupied with trifles, and they do not bring to a consideration of the problems of life the same kind of intellect and the same broad views that a man brings to them.

Masculinities.

Science seldom renders men amiable; women never.

Jealousy is the sister of love—as the devil is the brother of angels.

There are so many things you can't do without, and can't have.

A Western man has discovered a process of making whisky out of beans.

Stop to admire a good thing you have done, and some other man will do a better one.

A tattler's brain is like a beggar's pack; it contains little but what has been given to him.

Many a broadcloth husband owes his position to the fact of his marrying a gingham girl.

The man who has to ask his wife for car fare and tobacco money has no need of a mother-in-law.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

We are apt to be kinder to the brute that loves us than we are to the woman. Is it because brutes are dumb?

There are things in this world to be laughed at as well as admired, and his is no complete mind that cannot give to each sort his due.

Wait upon him whom thou art to speak to, with thine eye; for there be many cunning men that have secret heads and transparent countenances.

Englishman: "What is your national game?" Kentuckian—"Poker." "Why, is that purely an American game?" "Yes, sir! Why, even the chips are red, white and blue."

The Czar, according to a recent statistician's calculation, is the largest "private" owner of land in the world. The total is about 50,000,000 acres, about the size of the whole of France.

A novel invention has been introduced by a shirt vender of Brussels. To every undergarment he sells is attached a musical instrument which can be secretly played by the wearer.

There are some men whom you never can believe were babies at all, and others you never can see without thinking how very nice they must have looked when they wore socks and pink sashes.

Old Mr. Walstrete—And have you sufficient means, young man, to support my daughter in comfort?" Jack Hastings—"Why, yes; provided I'm not ruined by the expenses of a long engagement."

"His mouth costs him nothing," said M. de Marolles of a censorious neighbor, "for he always opens it at the expense of others. I wish some day he would bite his tongue, for then he would poison himself."

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport as you hunt the tiger," he replied; "but if hard pressed he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you, and then it has its drawbacks."

Young Mr. O'Donovan, native born, to his father, of foreign extraction: "Don't yer go decavin' yerself by thinkin' I'm a cryin' 'cause yer licked me, for I ain't. I'm all upset at bein' struck by a furriner, an' not bein' able to strike back!"

At Bruenn, Austria, burglars have circumvented the use of iron shutters for store windows by cutting a hole in the glass through the little round hole left in the shutter for ventilation, and then fishing for the valuables inside with hook and line.

"No," Foggs says, "I don't think much of the little busy bee. What does he want to improve each shining hour for? Why don't he put a little improvement on the cloudy hours? That's where he might prove himself of some use to society."

The man who owes his grocer, butcher or tailor and can't pay has rights everywhere, but more in Montreal than elsewhere. A creditor there has been fined $5 for entering a factory and presenting a bill. It was held that he ought to have called at the debtor's house.

In Siam you can get good board for 45 cents a week, and this includes washing, the use of two servants to run errands, tickets to shows, three shaves, and all the cigars you can smoke. This sounds delightful until you learn that it is almost impossible to earn 45 cents a week in Siam.

A hunter near Freeport, Cal., attempted to row his boat under a barbed-wire fence. The barbs caught him by the coat collar, and while his boat went on he was suspended over the water. He remained in that position several hours before his cries for help were heard by other hunters.

"Is it true, mamma," inquired a little girl, "that a Quaker never takes his hat off?" "It is true, my dear," answered the fond mother; "it is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man." "But tell me, mamma," pursued the child, "how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut?"

Meerschaum pipes are nicely colored a veteran smoker declares, if these directions are followed out: "Fill the bowl only about two-thirds full of tobacco. Smoke very slowly and draw very slightly until the pipe has become hardened. Handle the pipe carefully to prevent it from being scratched and never scrape it when it is hot."

The weight and measurements of a fully developed young man of 20 years of age should be as follows: Weight, 139 pounds; height, 67 8 inches; length of right shoulder to elbow, 14 4; length of left shoulder to elbow, 14 4; normal chest girth, 37 1; inflated, 35 8; waist, 28 7; hips, 36 8; biceps, 11 4; depth of chest, 7 4; capacity of lungs, 251; strength of back, 550.

I am sorry to admit, says a well known writer, that the husbands are more selfish than the wives. There are few men that will deny themselves the pleasure of a cigar, or a pipe, or a glass of beer if they have a taste for anyone. But there are many men that will loudly protest if their wives indulge in the smallest expense in order to gratify a caprice of the appetite.

Recent Book Issues.

"Miriam, The Avenger; or, The Bride of an Hour," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is just issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city. "Miriam, the Avenger," is one of the best of Mrs. Southworth's popular productions. Price 25 cents.

"Christine, the Model, or, Studies of Love," by Emile Zola, is just published this day by T. B Peterson & Brothers, this city. "Christine, the Model," is a wonderful and absorbing romance; spicy, brilliant, original and startling. Price 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

A very attractive instalment of Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography is in the March number of *The Century*. The frontispiece is a full-length portrait of Jefferson as *Dr. Pangloss*, and there are several other portraits in various characters. Dr. Albert Shaw, in "Glasgow: A Municipal Study," describes the workings of the local government of that city. The subject of irrigation is treated in the first of a series of three papers by Prof. Powell, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey. "The Nature and Method of Revelation" is discussed by Prof. Fisher. Prof. Putnam gives the beginning of what is said to be the most authentic and original account yet published of the "Prehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley." The illustrated papers include artist La Farge's second group of "Letters from Japan;" "Gloucester Cathedrals," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer; "Some Wayside Places in Palestine," by Mr. Wilson, the photographer; and "The Sun Dance of the Sioux," by Frederick Schwatka. Prof. Wood has a curious study on the subject of "Memory." The fiction is furnished by Mrs. Barr, Mr. Stockton, James Lane Allen, Richard Malcolm Johnston and Miss Rosebora, and there are several other articles, poetry, etc., besides the usual excellent departments.

In the March number of the *Popular Science Monthly* Andrew D. White continues his account of "Comparative Mythology," as illustrated by the decline of the Dead Sea Legends. Herbert Spencer has an article on "Absolute Political Ethics." "The Mission of Educated Women," by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong, is a spirited reply to Grant Allen's recent article. Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick contributes an illustrated article on "The Laws of Films." Other articles are "The Psychology of Prejudice," by Prof. G. T. W. Patrick; "The Origin of Land-Ownership," by Daniel E. Wing; "The Gross and Net Gain of Rising Wages," by Robert Giffen, the eminent English statistician; "Concerning Shrews," by Frederick A. Fernald; "A Chemical Prologue," by Prof. C. H. Henderson; an illustrated article on "The Physiognomy of the Mouth," by Thos. Piderit; "The Meaning of Pictured Spheres," by J. C. Houzeau; describing the forms which different peoples have imagined the star-groups to represent. There are a sketch and portrait of Plateau, a Belgian physicist, who continued his work after becoming blind. Many bright thoughts are expressed in the "Correspondence," and the "Editor's Table" discusses a number of subjects. D. Appleton Co., publishers, New York.

RATHER SMART.—A short time ago a smart Yankee called a livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the country, and the stableman refused to let him one, because he was a stranger. There was much discussion, and finally the Yankee said:

"What is your team worth?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars."

"If I pay you that sum for it, will you buy it back again when I return?" said the customer; and upon receiving an affirmative reply he promptly put up the cash.

Ten days later he returned, and driving into the stable he alighted and entered the office, saying, "Well, here is your team, and now I want my money back."

The sum was passed to him, and he turned and was leaving the place when the liveryman called out, "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team?"

"For what team?" asked the Yankee, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back."

"Well, now," drawled the Yankee, "you aren't fool enough to think that I would pay anybody for the use of my own property, are you?" and he deliberately shook the dust of the place from off his feet.

Our druggists told us that it beats all other liniments—Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup never fails to cure a cold or cough in a short time. Price 25 cents.

IN THE FAR EAST.

IN CHARACTER Japanese girls are remarkable for their gentleness and modesty; they are very timid, exceedingly patient, good humored, and cheerful, fond of a joke, easily moved either to tears or laughter, very neat in all their ways, fond of order and cleanliness, and, of course, very polite.

They are not beautiful, though some of them are pretty; but their great charm lies in their manner, which is soft and fascinating. Their greatest vice is their intense curiosity, a vice which in Japan is not peculiar to the feminine portion of the nation, for the men there are as curious as the women.

They are passionately fond of the theatre, though girls of noble birth are only allowed to go to wrestling matches. Those of the lower and middle classes get up in the middle of the night to adorn themselves for a theatre. The plays begin at six o'clock in the morning and last till the evening. The actors are all men, but the scenery is very good; every play contains a sermon, and the audience, chiefly women and children, weep and laugh immoderately.

They spend a great deal of time on their toilet, for their hair takes a very long while to dress, and they dawdle over their bath, boiling themselves in water never less than 120° of Fahrenheit; they use no soap, but sit and steep themselves in this hot water, which is kept at the same temperature by means of a stove at the bottom of the bath. Another peculiarity of a Japanese bath is, they don't consider it necessary to change the water for each person, so in a large family perhaps a dozen people all go into the same water, and the bath-room is near the entrance hall, privacy not being thought essential to the occasion.

A Japanese girl gives her tea parties to her friends like an English girl, except no gentlemen would be admitted, and sweetmeats would form a conspicuous part of the feast and the tea would be very weak, of a pale straw color, poured out a minute after the boiling water is put into the teapot, and drank in little cups without handles, and of course without sugar or cream; the teapot is filled up again and again until every particle of flavor has been extracted from the leaves.

This same tea has previously been prepared by girls of the poorer classes, who have to stand bare to the waist at coppers stirring the tea leaves until they are curled up by the heat. In the busy season these poor girls work for twelve or fifteen hours a day, and as the copper boilers are all heated by charcoal, the air is very unhealthy, nor does the smell of the burning tea improve it, and after their long tiring day's work is over many of these girls have a long walk of five or six miles to their home.

If a Japanese girl loses a parent, her mourning consists of a kirinion of coarse hempen cloth, as white as the coarseness of the fabric admits, for white is the ordinary color for mourning; black is worn for joy. This coarse garment is worn day and night while the mourning lasts.

But the sad side of the life of a Japanese girl is her religion. Shintoism is the established religion of the country, but Buddhism prevails very largely also; in one of these creeds the Japanese girl is sure to be educated. When she goes to the service in a Buddhist or Shinto temple, she kneels with her head bowed down and her hands folded while the priest is performing his part of the ceremony; when she prays she presses her hands together, raises them to her forehead, and inclines her body several times. She will then offer paper flowers or strips of ribbon to Buddha or some of their heathen gods, and throw some money into the bowl which stands by the priest before she leaves the temple. If she was walking she will have left her outer clogs outside the temple; if not, she will return home in a jinrickaha, a kind of perambulator with a hood and shafts, drawn by a coolie, unless she belong to the nobility, when she probably would return in a carriage drawn by horses, but horses are scarce in Japanese streets.

With this one great exception, Japanese girls are brought up in a very wise and sensible manner, and being by nature soft and gentle, and possessed of many excellent feminine qualities mentioned above, they make good, faithful wives and excellent mothers, and, heathen though they unfortunately are, these daughters of the land of the setting sun set an excellent example to Christian girls by their industry, their usefulness, and, above all by their patience and gentleness.

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

HINTS TO PERSONS OF SPARE HABIT.—Milk is the most perfect food, since it possesses the fat and the nitrogen in a large quantity, (namely, three-quarters of an ounce of the former and 45 grains of the latter to the pint,) and in such a form that the oil is introduced into the blood almost without delay or change. Hence milk in small quantities should be cooked and given at each meal, and in daily quantities of a pint and a half to three pints. Whenever milk is disliked as an article of food, it may be readily taken if given in small quantities when hot, made into pudding, or prepared with coffee, chocolate, or other food. To these sources should be added the use of oil in salads and of an increased quantity of butter, the tolerance of both of which may be increased by gentle training. Alcohols (and particularly good and somewhat new ale) lessen the emission of fluid by the kidneys and skin; and ale, by its gluten, promotes assimilation. They are most powerful agents when given in quantities of half a pint to a pint and a half daily. When rum is taken with milk it is the most powerful restorative and promoter of assimilation and alimentation which we possess.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.—Among the notes in the quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund is an extract of a letter from the Algerian Mission at Jerusalem, and which gives the following account of fresh discoveries at the Pool of Bethesda: "In clearing out the crypt of the church built at the south-east angle of the pool in the time of the Crusades, at the north-west corner, close to an opening which permits the water to be seen and drawn up, and surrounding a little door still obstructed, which doubtless affords a way of descent to the middle of the pool, we found very interesting remains of a mural painting which marvellously confirms the already numerous proofs of the authenticity of the Pool of Bethesda. Arab fanaticism has destroyed the heads and hands of the figures, but notwithstanding that, above the little door mentioned there is visible the beautiful and well preserved nimbus of a winged figure, which causes the water by which it is surrounded in the picture to be moved and agitated. It is an exact interpretation of the first part of the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of St. John, 'An angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water.'"

AT FIRST GLANCE.—Fifty years ago, the famous surgeon of London was Sir Astley Cooper. He was remarkable for his manual dexterity and also for the quickness and accuracy with which at a glance he took in the whole situation. A striking proof of his penetration was given on his being called to attend to a Mr. Blight, who had been shot by an unknown assassin.

The moment Sir Astley examined the wound, he said, "A pistol has been fired at you with the left hand."

On seeing Mr. Patch, Blight's partner, he was so struck by the peculiar expression of his countenance that he whispered, "If that gentleman were left handed, I should suspect him of being the murderer."

Patch was left handed, and, on being tried and condemned, confessed his guilt.

A DEEP SEATED COUGH, cruelly tries the Lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent resort for the afflicted is to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy for all troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Pulmonary Affection.

Humorous.

A WEIRD TALE.

A fellow who swallowed a drachm
Of poison grew cold as a clachm,
And when somebody said
"I don't believe he is daid,"
The corpse quickly shouted, "I achm!"

And since then they say that his ghost
Each night walks round his bed phost,
And it scares all the folks
Who aren't used to such joiks,
Clear out of their senses almhost.

—U. N. None.

A woman's beauty may be "all in her eye," but it is there just the same.

To convert an artless maiden into a heartless one, there only wants a "he."

Marriage is designated by some people as a "bridle," because it generally puts a curb upon some.

"Actions speak louder than words," and that was the reason for the introduction of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

"Those dear eyes of thine!" as the old gentleman said, when he bought his wife a handsome pair of gold spectacles.

The champion modest woman has been heard from. She always retires to her boudoir when she desires to change her mind.

Kate: "And is it true that you married for money?" Laura: "Yes, but papa has succeeded in borrowing only two thousand from Charley, so far."

Angeline: "Do you believe that love flies out of the window when poverty comes in at the door?" Howard: "If it does it goes out for a divorce."

Mr. Crosswise: "I wish I were dead!" Mr. Goodeye: "Look out, there! There's an electric wire down!" Mr. C.: "Thanks!" (Goes 80 yards around it.)

Mrs. Newrich, who recently entertained a Count: "Have you ever had any foreign noblemen as guests?" Mrs. Manorborn, quietly: "No; only as servants."

Gay: "Yes, I must say that I have a high regard for Mrs. Spangler, but there is something about her I don't like." Fogg: "H'm you refer to her husband, of course."

Landlady: "No, sir, we cannot admit you; we take only single gentlemen." Married applicant: "Well, ain't I a single gentleman? What d'ye take me for?—a pair of Siamese twins?"

Miss Fairandforty: "Doctor, that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out." Dentist: "Very sorry, madam, but as you had only three when I began, I'll get the right one next time."

Some people try to do good at inopportune times, and so fail in their object. When a man puts the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth it is a poor time to rush up and give him a tract on swearing.

"Taking them one with another," said a clergyman, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances, for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts."

Young bride, pouting: "Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you've scolded me already." Young husband: "I know, my dear; but just think how long I've been waiting for the chance!"

Mr. Dolley: "I am going to the post office, Miss Susie. Shall I ask for you?" Miss Susie: "Why, Mr. Dolley, this is very sudden! Of course you may, if you like; but I don't think you will find papa there."

Johnnie: "You've got a cold in your head, have you?" Cholly, calling on Johnnie's sister: "Yes, a very bad cold." "Then sister was wrong." "Wrong in what?" "She said you hadn't anything in your head at all."

First young churchwoman: "What are you going to deny yourself during Lent?" Second young churchwoman: "I wanted a new prayer-book dreadfully, but I am going to do without it and put the money into my Easter bonnet instead."

"Yes, sir," he said proudly, "I began life a bare-footed boy; and see where I am now!" "Yes, you are well up; but you had a big advantage at the start." "How so?" "You began your life a bare-footed boy; the rest of us began as bare-hooted babies."

"His father is rich, but he is too proud to take anything from him!" exclaimed one of a party of gentlemen in reference to a third person. "Yes, I have noticed that," said another, with a pained look on his face; "he prefers to borrow from his friends."

Mistress, kindly: "Jane, I hear you have been seen in the Park with my husband," Jane, defiantly: "Yes, ma'am, I have." Mistress, still more kindly: "Well, Jane, you are a good girl and I dislike to lose you, but I cannot have any one about the house who keeps bad company. So you can pack up."

Insurance agent: "I should like to insure your life." Respectable old party: "I don't want my life insured." Agent: "But we offer special inducements. Every policy is paid on death." Respectable old party: "Well, all the companies do that." Agent: "Yes; but we pay up even if you are hanged. What do you say to that for a special inducement?"

"What makes you so thoughtful to-night, George?" asked Nellie. "Well, said George, as he threw his eyes up to the ceiling and looked tenderly at her, "I was thinking that if your mother was willing to become my mother-in-law I should like it very much." "You would?" "I would indeed." "Then, if it will afford you any satisfaction, I can inform you that I am quite willing that she should, and that she is also quite willing to act in that capacity in a quiet and modest fashion manner." And thus arrangements were concluded by which two lives hitherto running apart were to be blended into one.

INCENTIVES FOR CHILDREN.—It is not sufficient to instruct a child to follow certain lines of conduct and to avoid others. We must supply him with incentives; and upon the nature of these will his future character largely depend. Instead of assuring children that if they are good they will be happy, and clinching the assurance by artificial rewards or bribes, we should lead them gently to choose and to prefer the good, without reference to self at all. They can be accustomed to plan for and to aim at giving pleasure, not getting it, and, although in so doing they will experience a rich enjoyment themselves, it will be incidental, never one for which they have striven. Artificial rewards and penalties will thus be rarely needed, and they will grow up with generous and unselfish instincts instead of mean and calculating ones.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—Every one who thinks at all knows that all first impressions need to be submitted to many tests before they can be wholly trusted. Had we not learned this, we should still be as infants reaching for the moon. The impressions we first received from the men and women around us afford but a small fraction of the knowledge necessary to form even an approximate estimate of their characters. Indeed they often come from our own mood at the time the impression is made, and a more extended acquaintance may sweep them away entirely. However strong they may be, the plainest reason demands our waiting for more light and knowledge before forming any conclusion or pronouncing any criticism.

LIFE'S DUTIES.—Every station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employment which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others.

No one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labor and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

DELAY.—In all business, delay is disastrous. Each day brings new problems to solve, new decisions to make, new duties to perform. Each one of these demands a certain amount of careful thought, but it also demands a final conclusion and prompt action. He who does not learn how to apportion these to the hourly necessities can not hope to succeed in his business, be it what it may. If he does not promptly decide and promptly act, time decides for him; the offer is withdrawn, the opportunity is gone, the chance has slipped away, and the dilatory man stands bereft of the power he might have wielded and the advantage he might have gained.

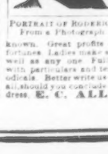
LITTLE WILLIE: "Is that the papa swan or the mamma swan?" Father: "Which do you mean?" "Why the poor thing that has had the feathers pecked off the top of its head, and that isn't allowed to have none of the biscuit nor nothing." Father: "That's the papa swan, Willie."

NEWSBOY: "Please, mister, will you give me two cents to get a night's lodging?" Minister: "But two cents won't pay for that, my little friend." Newsboy: "No, sir; but if I had two cents I could play with the other boys, and perhaps win a pie."

LITTLE PITCHER (to visitor): "Mrs. Smith, are you almost blind?" "Blind? Why, what put that idea into your head?" "Mamma said you couldn't read figures." "Couldn't read figures?" "Yes; she said you'd never see forty again."

A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.—Mr. Hayseed, buying a cigar: "I hope this ain't one of those weeds that burn out in no time at all. I want a good long smoke." Tobacconist, impressively: "Mine friendt, dot segar vill last till you vas sick of it!"

Watch these columns for 8 weeks for a Voice from Alabama.



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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the pieces accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A cloth costume recently noted is a combination of serpent and the peculiar light green that is often called blue. The front drapery is laid in soft full plaits for a short distance below the waist line, and then falls in simple lines to the lower edge. On one side a plaited panel of green cloth is set in, and the back is looped slightly, but the artistic simplicity of the full skirt is preserved.

About the lower edge, except where the panel is placed, is a wide smooth band of green cloth separated from the serpent by a very narrow line of silver soutache. At the lower edge there is no braid. The basque is a postilion; its cuffs, high collar, and a pointed gilet of green cloth being heavily braided with silver.

Flat gilt or gold-plated buttons are fancied on the Empire coats. The larger buttons are placed on each front just above the waist line and below the reverse, while much smaller ones are chosen for the waistcoats. Cut steel buckles are often used in place of buttons, but, although pretty, they are of little use when actual service is required.

Many of the buttons are also merely ornamental, in which case the closing is made with hooks and eyes; a good way is to place both hooks and eyes alternately on each side, thus making a much mo e secure fastening. It is not necessary to have very large hooks on a bodice, but very small ones are practically useless. When a skirt is to be looped up with a hook it is better to use, instead of an eye, a ring covered in button-hole stitch with silk the color of the gown.

Cloth which is so popular for gowns is also used extensively in chapeaux, being frequently combined with rich materials and decorated with rare plumage; and not only are cloth hats and bonnets made up to match the costume, but often the cloth takes the place of felt and is of a color that matches no particular gown but is adapted to many.

The round felt turban with a rather high crown that resembles the box shape is especially popular, because though best suited to a low arrangement of the hair, it will adapt itself to any coiffure. It is liked in green, navy, seal, russet, black, red, garnet, and gray felt, and the garniture will usually be in absolute contrast, though it may match if desired.

A gray felt turban has a binding of Russian velvet above a band of finely cut steel passementerie. A wide band of velvet is about the crown, and near the front at one side are draped loops of green velvet against which rest grayish wings and the head of a gray bird.

The light hued cloths are in high esteem for tea gowns. The decoration may consist in the disposition of the material or in a lavish application of lace, passementerie, or braid. A gown recently made up of cloth in two colors is very effective. The back of which is of a light shade of olive is arranged en princesse, the train being just long enough to be graceful

The gilet is of pale rose cloth shirred at the throat and again at the waist, from which it falls in full folds to the ground. Just above the shirring at the waist the fronts turn away from the gilet in broad revers that are faced with rose cloth. The stock is of black moire ribbon, and the sleeves, which are slightly full, are of rose cloth and are shirred in at the wrists from close cuffs. An outer sleeve in the angel shape is of olive cloth and forms a pretty background for the closer sleeves, and this angel sleeve is neither lined nor hemmed, the smoothness with which the cloth is cut being the only finish.

Stuffs with large check pattern are in contradistinction to recent fashion now worn with the plaid or check taken straight, and not on the cross as heretofore.

Chemisettes in light material, made three-quarters high, and with puffed sleeves, are worn beneath velvet corslets having broad straps over the shoulders and tabs to finish them off below the waist.

Lace fichus are sometimes clasped tightly round the shoulders over low bodices, and berthas are used as coverings of the arms. Square-cut bodices have also reappeared, and these generally have very full puffed sleeves. In a word, there is a decided tendency to make a little more of the bodices than of late.

Caracul or large Astrachan is very much worn, being particularly stylish with velvet sleeves. The cold weather and a few days of skating brought out the fur caps and bonnets, and since the young Duchess de Luynes went away on her wedding journey in a sealskin coat and toque, we may expect to see many imitators.

Invisible fastenings seem to be at the present preferred for paletots and mantles, whilst for dress bodices the tiniest buttons are chosen, quite round being the favorite shape. It is said that gold and enamelled buttons will become a leading feature on dresses, but great care must be taken in their selection and use lest the too beautiful button ornaments should diminish the harmony and style of the complete toilet.

Two styles of bridal wreaths and flowers are striving for supremacy in Paris. Both are very small, and the flowers are largely intermixed with lilac and orange blossom foliage. They are lightly arranged with bows of rich ribbon; one style made of lilac is apparently most favored by Parisiennes, and the other which is fuller and trimmed with fine lace, is more popular among ladies of other nations.

Princess robes are coming up to rival the plain skirts, and full waists are now worn in Paris; but, as we hear, both are worn reaching to the feet in front, and cut with train about four inches long at the back. We can only hope that the ladies' own good sense will teach them to restrict these skirts to house and drawing-room wear.

Thanks to the present liking for black ornaments and trimmings, jet is again coming into favor, and in many a new form. Pieces of felt cut square, with bored holes, are used with embroidery on velvet, or to go round the brim of hat or bonnet. In addition to the bright dragon-flies, butterflies, and aigrettes, which are usually surrounded by a tuft of tulle or Chantilly lace, short diadems surmounted by a star, are also used for trimming bonnets; they are most becoming to ladies with light hair.

Manufacturers take no little trouble to find out what colors look best by artificial light among the materials designed for evening wear. Their pattern cards show us beautiful faille, peau-desole, armure; brocaded silks and damasks are likely to enjoy most patronage.

The more modest requirements of young ladies will find ample satisfaction in the fine mousseline-de-laines, with bouquet of flowers or Pompadour sprays, stripes, etc., and also the variety of plaid Irish poplins.

Jewels are very much in vogue this season, and every ornament is turned into a jewel. Watches are set in everything. The ugly, clumsy bracelet watch seems determined not to be killed by public verdict, though it is showy and too heavy to be comfortable or becoming to the arm. The leather bands, with cheap watches, for travelling, are now given over to the large novelty houses, and the leather bracelet is sold for a few dollars. Having got rid of these clumsy ornaments, we have brought a deluge of bracelet watches on our head. All the women's wrists are to be masked as timekeepers. "Time was never so golden as now," but there are so many of these little watches in the shops still, that it looks as though they were not selling rapidly, and it is doubtful whether they will be a wild craze.

In itself, the bracelet watch is very beautiful, being set with jewels and made most attractive, but the idea is tiresome. Why combine business with pleasure? Why remind, when the dinner is gayest or the dance most brilliant, that life is fleeting, even if the thought is set with diamonds and rubies?

"Time was made for 'slaves,'" and it is stupid to wear it to a ball on one's arm, or to try to make an ornament of it.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT BISCUITS.

Queen's Biscuits.—Make a soft paste of the following materials: A pound and a half of flour, the same weight of powdered loaf-sugar, the yolks of eighteen eggs and the whites of twenty-four, and a sufficient quantity of crushed coriander-seeds. A little yeast may also be added, if desired. Make the paste into biscuits, and bake them on paper, at a moderate heat, until they begin to turn brown.

Nuns' Biscuits.—Beat up the whites of a dozen eggs, and add to them sixteen ounces of almonds, blanched and pounded into a paste. Then beat up the yolks of the eggs with two pounds of powdered loaf sugar, and then mix all together. Add to these half a pound of flour, the peel of four lemons grated, and also some citron-peel sliced small, and make the whole into a paste, which should be put in patty-pans previously buttered, and only half filled and then baked in a quick oven. When the biscuits begin to turn brown turn them in the tins, sprinkle some sugar over them, and again put them in the oven until done.

Sherry Biscuits—Take one pound of lump-sugar, eight eggs, and a sufficient quantity of sherry wine, beat them well together, and then add a pound of flour and half an ounce of coriander-seeds. Pour the paste into buttered tins, and bake them at a gentle heat for half an hour; then turn them, and cover their surfaces with some more eggs and sugar, and replace them in the oven for another quarter of an hour.

Lemon peel Biscuits.—Cut some lemon-peel into thin slices, and mix it with four or five spoonfuls of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and four eggs beaten up. Spread this paste on white paper, cover with powdered sugar and bake it. When done, remove the paper and cut the paste into pieces of the required shape. These biscuits may also be prepared in another manner. Steep the rind of a lemon in hot water until it becomes soft, and pound in a stone mortar. Then blanch half a pound of sweet almonds, and beat them up with two eggs and the bruised lemon-peel, and also two ounces of gum tragacanth previously made into mucilage with water, and a pound of loaf-sugar. When these materials are very well mixed add two pounds more sugar, and roll the paste into little rolls, lay them on white paper, and set them in the oven.

Aniseed Biscuits.—Mix together half a peck of flour, half a pint of yeast, an ounce and a half of aniseed, with four eggs and a sufficient quantity of milk. Make these materials into a roll-shaped cake and bake it; then cut it in slices, like toast. Cover them with powdered sugar and dry them in an oven, and while hot again apply more sugar to the surfaces.

Savoy Biscuits.—Beat up twelve eggs with three spoonfuls of water, adding gradually a pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar. When the mixture becomes of the consistence of thick cream, mix with it a pound of fine flour previously dried, and mould it into long cakes, which are to be baked in a slow oven. Savoy biscuits may also be prepared in the following way: Take about six eggs and weigh them, and afterwards beat them into froth, and mix with them some fresh grated lemon-peel, beaten with a little sugar in a mortar into powder. Then beat up with them the same weight of sugar, as of the eggs employed, and also the same quantity of flour. When the materials are made into a paste, mould it into biscuits, sprinkle white sugar on them, and bake them on paper at a moderate heat.

Lisbon Biscuits.—Beat up four eggs with spoonfuls of flour, and one of powdered white sugar, and pour it over a sheet of white paper, previously sprinkled with powdered sugar; sprinkle more sugar on its surface, and bake it at a moderate heat. When done, cut the biscuit into pieces, and remove the paper.

Chocolate Biscuits.—Mix some chocolate powder with white of eggs, and powdered loaf sugar, into a paste. Mould this into biscuits, and bake them at a gentle heat on a sheet of white paper.

Jasmine Biscuits.—Beat up some jasmine flowers, freshly gathered, with white of eggs, and loaf-sugar. Make them into small biscuits, lay them on paper covered with sugar, and sprinkle more on their surfaces. These biscuits require to be baked at a moderate heat.

Cracknels—Beat up eight eggs with the same number of spoonfuls of water, and a grated nutmeg. Pour them on three quarts of flour, and add sufficient water to make the flour into a thick paste. Then mix with it two pounds of butter, roll it into cracknels, and bake them on tin plates.

Biscuit Drops.—Beat up four eggs with a pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and a small quantity of water, add the same weight of flour, and some caraway-seeds. Then butter the surface of a sheet of white paper, and lay the mixture on in spoonfuls; sprinkle them over with fine sugar, and bake them at a moderate heat.

Biscuit Drops may also be made in another way. Employ for the purpose two pounds of sugar and eight eggs, with half a pint of water, or sherry wine if preferred. Beat them up for an hour, and then add some caraway-seeds in powder and two pounds of the best flour, and proceed as already directed.

A DESIRABLE BIT OF FURNITURE. Jawkins: "Want Softleigh to join our literary club? Why, I don't believe he ever read anything but 'Mother Goose' and the 'Book of Etiquette' in his life!" Hogg: "Ah, but then he has such a high forehead, you know, and wears his eye-glass with such a very intelligent air!"

Confidential Correspondents.

EMILY.—Your lover simply wishes to make your jealous. Turn the tables on him, and when he acts coolly, act coolly too.

D. D. D.—Frogs are found in Ireland, but not toads; the frogs are said to have gone over in Cromwell's time with some of his troops.

CLARIBEL.—"Opened the ball" is the proper expression to use. You can speak of anyone as having led a dance, but we never heard the word used in the way you mention.

BILLY.—You had better ask someone accustomed to the making and use of aquariums. We have no experience in the matter, but believe the zinc is harmless as a lining.

GRACE.—You are quite right in your reserved behavior to the gentleman. If he wishes to propose, he will find the opportunity to do so. If not he is not worth your troubling your head about.

READER.—According to the latest figures there are 62,517 Indians in the United States who wear the dress of white men, and there are 22,710 who can read. There are five civilized tribes in Alaska.

SIMON.—The Crimean War had nothing to do with either France or England originally. It commenced in a dispute between the Latin and Greek churches over some of the holy places in Palestine.

DESPAIR.—The days of love philtres and charms are past; there is nothing for you but patience. Perhaps the young man may come to the knowledge of the happiness that might be his some time, and reward your patience and fidelity.

SYDNEY.—Such a height as you mention has never been attained by any balloon that we ever heard of. The greatest known altitude ever reached was seven miles, some five-and-twenty years ago, by Messrs. Coxwell and Glashier, Englishmen.

DUMERENQ.—The area of the Dominion of Canada is smaller than that of the United States. The difference does not appear much on the map, and it is trifling when the size of the two territories is taken into consideration. The States are some 50,000 square miles larger than the dominion.

WEST P.—The bridge over the Schuylkill at Callowhill street was of wood and covered. It spanned the river by a single arch and was at the time considered the largest arch on record. After its destruction by fire it was replaced with a wire structure, the first of its kind in this country.

E. J. C.—The salary of the Speaker of the House of Representatives is $8,000. The Representatives have an annual salary of $5,000. The milage is twenty cents per mile of travel each annual session to and from Washington, and an allowance of $125 per annum for newspapers and stationery.

G. B. B.—It is a disputed fact among poultry-raisers as to which are the best layers. Write to the "American Farmer and Poultry Raiser," Chicago Ill., or "The Michigan Farmer," published in your own city. In them you will find the addresses of poultry raisers who will be glad to give you all information on the subject.

CONSTANCE.—You had better frankly tell him that you are sorry that you have offended him, and that you were wrong. This will force an explanation; but, at the same time, you must not be too apologetic; remember apologies are weak, foolish things, much better avoided, and always humiliating to those who make and those who hear them.

TOM.—By "grubs in the face," we presume you mean the very common affection of "blackheads" or acne. This complaint occurs most often to the young, of fourteen to seventeen years of age. Sulphur is the best local application, in the form of soap, lotion, or ointment, whichever is most agreeable. Stimulants and rich living should be eschewed.

B. H. G.—Unless you are well acquainted with the family of the deceased, you should be silent upon receipt of the notification of his death. If you are a very intimate friend, a few short words of condolence may not be inappropriate. But it is a difficult thing to condole; silence is frequently the wisest. The family and the world accept the supposition—a natural one—that you are very sorry.

TRIBULATION.—You appear to have brought all your troubles on yourself by your extremely hasty conduct. You must have been very exacting if you could not allow the gentleman two evenings to himself. He had a perfect right to go to the theatre if he chose to do so, and we should imagine he would be rather careful now he renewed an engagement with so very exacting a young lady.

AMO.—Wait; there is much in waiting. You will have a purpose before you. We have to wait for Spring, for Summer, for Happiness, for Death, the great Comforter, for Heaven! And so you wait till you can be well married, having passed your examination, treating your beloved with all honor, working for an end and being happy. Take the motto we have so often written, and place it over your chimney-piece, even if it be in a garret—"Patience and Faith."

NELLIE.—Washing the head rather assists the growth of the hair than otherwise. Have the ends frequently clipped; it will strengthen it very much. We never recommend young girls to use hair restorers or cosmetics of any sort. Probably if you were to have your hair cut off altogether it would grow stronger, but some persons' hair is constitutionally weak. It may be that your general health wants strengthening up; the hair is much affected by the bodily condition.

S. M.—We have often before explained that the Judaic Sabbath is properly on the seventh day of the week; that is, Saturday. But the Apostles preaching to the Gentiles, and wishing to abolish Judaic observances, Christians being no longer under the law, assembled their flocks together on the first day of the week, our Lord's Day, or Sunday. As, in the Commandments, we quote Exodus, we still read "the" seventh day, but, as any Hebrew scholar will tell you, the definite article belongs to our version and not to the original text, and you may therefore substitute "a" for "the;" so all the duties of that day are properly transferred to the first. The Christian institution is undoubtedly Apostolic, our Lord and Saviour having risen on the first day of the week. The seventh-day Baptists are Sabbatarians, and in 1633 Fuller mentions a sect of Christians who kept holy that day.